

AN ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
◦BABYHOOD◦



# First Week of Books



Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday



Friday Saturday Sunday









AN ANTHOLOGY OF BABYHOOD









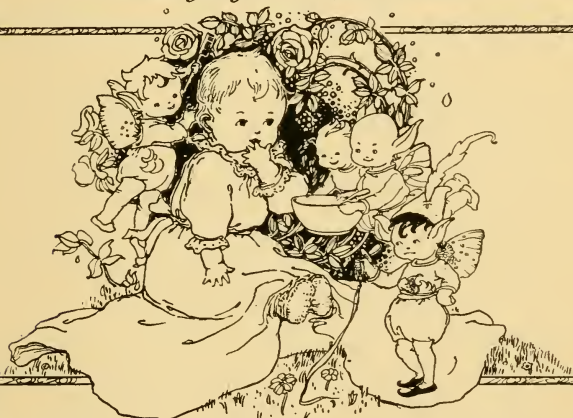
*"Thou art a fair little child with  
a shape like a golden flower." Sappho*

# *An Anthology of Babyhood*

*Edited by*

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*Drawings by T.J. & E.A. Overnell*



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## PREFACE

THE child is the great discovery of modern times, so that an Anthology of Babyhood must of necessity seem overweighted at one end. The present age regards the little people with a love amounting almost to adoration, studies carefully the unfolding petals of the baby-mind, and determines at all costs to keep the child a child. This is the attitude which is voiced in most of the poems here collected. In the pages of many of the great poets of bygone days we may search in vain for any mention of the child : we shall find sonnets "To the Rosette on my Mistress' Slipper," passionate prayers "To the Comb in my Mistress' Hair," odes to Depression, Despondency, Jocosity, and a thousand abstract frames of mind. But to our forefathers the child was no fit subject for poetry, unless death had stilled the restless little hands, or a father's falseness and a mother's grief made it the centre of a woman's tragedy.

Determined that this little volume should be a book of the joy of babyhood, I have shut out all epitaphs, elegies, and poems on sick or dying

children ; ruthlessly, in the case of the older poets, with lingering regrets in face of the beautiful verses of Mr. Lee-Hamilton and other modern writers. Lullabies hold a prominent place. But these lullabies, I suspect, appeal more strongly to the grown-up mind than to the wakeful little mortals for whom they were first penned. (I know of one small person, at least, who will have none of your sweet lullabies, and whose tastes lie much more in the direction of the catchy choruses of popular songs.)

Departing from the usual custom of anthologists, I have not collected together the poems and extracts under headings, a method which seems to me to secure a certain external symmetry at the expense of individual passages. But, as far as possible, each poem follows on from the one before it, so that each section represents, as nearly as may be, the gradual unfolding of an idea. I have included a certain number of translations which fall into place in the general plan of the book. It may, perhaps, be objected that to translate French is superfluous. I prefer to believe that an interest in little children is more widespread than a knowledge of foreign languages. I might also plead in extenuation the example of the greatest of all child-poets—the late Mr. Swinburne.

To define the exact boundaries of babyhood is no easy task, but four years old seems to me



to be the very outside limit. Regretfully, therefore, I have been forced to abandon many beautiful and favourite child passages. Others, which might have been looked for, are absent through difficulties of copyright.

I should like to make special acknowledgments to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton for his very gracious permission to use his own poems and those of the late Mr. A. C. Swinburne ; to Mr. Coulson Kernahan for permission to use extracts from his own works and from those of Miss Louise Chandler Moulton and Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, for very many helpful suggestions also ; and to the following authors, publishers, and editors for permission to use copyright material, accompanied in very many cases by friendly wishes for the success of this little volume :—Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. H. H. Bashford, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Messrs. David Bryce (Glasgow), Mr. G. K. Chesterton (and to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. for confirming his permission), “ Robin Flower,” Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Mrs. Alice Herbert, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, Mrs. Locker-Lampson (for poems by the late Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson), Mrs. Alice Meynell, Mrs. Cosmo Monkhouse (for “ To a Babe Unborn,” by the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse), Professor Gilbert Murray, “ E. Nesbit ” (Mrs. Hubert Bland), Mr. B. Paul Neuman, Mrs. A. G. Nelson (for “ The Children’s Fairyland,” by the late Miss

Janet A. McCulloch), Mr. Henry Newbolt (for a poem by Miss Mary Coleridge), Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mrs. Clement Shorter, Mrs. William Sharp (for "The Moon Child," by "Fiona Macleod"), Rev. E. D. Stone, Mr. Herman Scheffauer, Mrs. Mary Skrine, Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema (for poems published by Mr. Elkin Mathews and Mr. Grant Richards), and to the Editors of *Country Life* (for poems by "Robin Flower" and Miss Mary Gillington, and for confirming the permission of Mr. Bashford), and of the *Spectator* (for poems by Mr. B. Paul Neuman and the Rev. E. D. Stone), Mr. Elkin Mathews (for a poem by Miss Mary Coleridge, and for extracts from "Man and Maid," by Mr. Arthur Gray), Messrs. Macmillan and Co. (for verses by Miss Christina Rossetti). In two cases I have ventured to use poems whose authors I have been unable to trace, and trust they will forgive me. I am also deeply indebted to my friend Mr. Arthur Lamb for two translations from the Russian, to Mr. Arthur Gray for a translation from the German as well as for original poems and prose extracts, and to "F. S. G." for her charming little poem "To my Unborn Son," hitherto unpublished.

M. N. D'A.

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I

B





I

The Little People



A DREARY place would this earth be  
Were there no little people in it ;  
The song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart surrender ;  
No little hands on breast and brow,  
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,  
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,  
And man to stoic coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,  
Were there no babies to begin it ;  
A doleful place this world would be,  
Were there no little people in it.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

By the Babe Unborn    ~    ~    ~    ~

I F trees were tall and grasses short  
As in some crazy tale,  
If here and there a sea were blue  
Beyond the breaking pale,

If a fixed fire hung in the air  
To warm me one day through,  
If deep green hair grew on great hills,  
I know what I should do.

In dark I lie ; dreaming that there  
Are great eyes cold or kind,  
And twisted streets and silent doors  
And living men behind.

Let storm-clouds come ; better an hour  
And leave to weep and fight,  
Than all the ages I have ruled  
The empires of the night.

I think that if they gave me leave  
Within that world to stand,  
I would be good through all the day  
I spent in fairyland.

They should not have a word from me  
Of selfishness or scorn,  
If only I could find the door,  
If only I were born.

*G. K. Chesterton.*

To my Unborn Son      ~      ~      ~      ~

YOU, who lie beneath my heart,  
In whose soul I have no part ;  
Whose sweet shape will some day rest  
Close, ah close ! against my breast—  
Breathe a prayer to God for me  
That I love you worthily.

You, whose eyes I have not seen,  
Yet whose sight will be so keen  
When you come to judge my life  
With its foolishness and strife—  
Breathe a prayer to God for me  
That He give you charity.

*F. S. G.*

To my Daughter      ~      ~      ~      ~

THOU hast the colours of the spring,  
The gold of king-cups triumphing,  
The blue of wood-bells wild ;  
But winter-thoughts thy spirit fill,  
And thou art wandering from us still,  
Too young to be our child.

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed,  
Thou dear and much-desired guest,  
That home is near at last ;  
Long lost in high mysterious lands,  
Close by our door thy spirit stands,  
Its journey well-nigh past.

O sweet bewildered soul, I watch  
The fountains of thine eyes, to catch  
    New fancies bubbling there,  
To feel our common light, and lose  
The flush of strange ethereal hues  
    Too dim for us to share ;

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make  
This creature human for my sake  
    Since I am nought but clay ;  
An angel is too fine a thing  
To sit beside my chair and sing,  
    And cheer my passing day.

I smile, who could not smile, unless  
The air of rapt unconsciousness  
    Passed, with the fading hours ;  
I joy in every childish sign  
That proves the stranger less divine  
    And much more meekly ours.

I smile, as one by night who sees,  
Through mist of newly-budded trees,  
    The clear Orion set,  
And knows that soon the dawn will fly  
In fire across the riven sky,  
    And gild the woodlands wet.

*Edmund Gosse.*



To Vega



ALL heaven and immortality  
In my baby's eyes do lie,  
Pools of starlit mystery.

Tell me, baby, you who've known  
Dim blue distances star-strown,  
Are unborn babies sad and lone ?

Or do they laugh in gleeful mirth ?  
Are they eager for their birth,  
Glad to see the sweet, green earth ?

Ah ! you listen, stretch your fingers.  
Is it towards unearthly singers  
Round whose songs your memory lingers ?

Yon candle fluttering in the wind  
You watch, as though there crossed your mind  
A vision of star-flames left behind.

Bright soul, new stranded on life's beach,  
What wealth of wisdom you might teach  
Could we unlock the gates of speech !

Your croonings of that never-land,  
Alas ! we cannot understand.  
We can but kiss your tiny hand.

*M. N. d'A.*

Whence? Whither? ~ ~ ~ ~

WITH fleeting feet thou cam'st, awhile to dwell  
A radiant guest in our pain-shadowed land ;  
But whence and whither ? Faith alone can tell :  
From God's hand home again to God's own  
hand.

*From the German of Uhland. Translated by  
Arthur Gray.*

The Retreat ~ ~ ~ ~

HAPPY those early days, when I  
Shined in my angel infancy !  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy ought  
But a white, celestial thought ;  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two, from my first love,  
And looking back—at that short space—  
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;  
When on some gilded cloud or flower,  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity ;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense,

But felt through all this fleshy dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back  
And tread again that ancient track !  
That I might once more reach that plain  
Where first I left my glorious train ;  
From whence the enlightened spirit sees  
That shady City of palm trees !  
But ah ! my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !  
Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would move ;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.

*Henry Vaughan.*

## Ode on the Intimations of Immortality



### v.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, Who is our home :  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy,

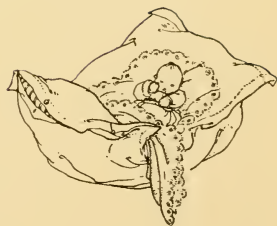
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy ;  
The youth who daily further from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy soul's immensity ;  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—  
Mighty prophet ! seer blest !  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
Thou, over whom thy immortality  
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by ;  
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?

*William Wordsworth.*

## II







## II

### The Coming of Baby Bell

HAVE you not heard the poets tell  
How came the dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of woe ?  
The gates of Heaven were left ajar :  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
Wandering out of Paradise,  
She saw this planet like a star  
Hung in the depth of even—  
Its bridges, running to and fro,  
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,  
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven !  
She touched a bridge of flowers—her feet,  
So light they did not bend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels !  
They fell like dew upon the flowers,  
And all the air grew strangely sweet !  
And thus came dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of ours.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

## Life's First Moment      ~      ~      ~      ~

I HAILED the golden sunshine ere I woke ;  
Upon my heavy eyelid hung the rose  
Of dawn, while still my eyes did close,  
And through my slumbers to my soul it broke.

While, with shut eyes, all motionless I lay  
Like the calm dead carved on some ancient tomb,  
Pale ghosts of sunbeams piercèd through the gloom  
And I was gladdened by the light of day.

The morning songs of birds on fluttering wing,  
Sweet, vaguely heard, did make my heart to sing,  
While lilacs breathed on me their fragrance deep.

Out of the darkness, safe from the world's hard  
    blow,

This perfect peace one moment did I know—  
To *live*, to *be*, yet not to wake nor sleep.

*From the French of Sully-Prudhomme. Translated by M. N. d'A.*

## Questionings      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

THOU, Baby Innocence !—unseen of me,  
New bursting leaflet of the eternal tree,  
That thou art sweet is all I know of thee.

I know thou must be innocent and fair,  
And dimpled soft as other babies are ;  
But then—what impress doth thy image bear ?



Which most prevails, the mother or the sire ?  
Are thine eyes like thy father's—made of fire,  
Keen to discern, and dauntless to inquire ?

Or like thy mother's, meek as summer eve,  
Gracious in answer, open to receive,  
Types of a soul most potent to believe ?

Is thy chin cleft as sunny side of peach ?  
And have thy lips their own peculiar speech,  
And murmurs that can hide, caress, beseech ?

Thy little hands are busy—that I know ;  
Thy tiny feet are fidging to and fro ;  
But what's the inner mood that stirs them so ?

Not knowing what thou art, I deem it meet  
To think thee whatsoe'er I think most sweet—  
A bud of promise—yet a babe complete.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

To a New-born Child    ~    ~    ~    ~

SMALL traveller from an unknown shore,  
By mortal eye ne'er seen before,  
    To you good-morrow,  
You are as fair a little dame  
As ever from a glad world came  
    To one of sorrow.

We smile above you, but you fret,  
We call you gentle names, and yet  
    Your cries redouble,  
'Tis hard for little babes to prize  
The tenderness that underlies  
    A life of trouble.

And have you come from Heaven to Earth ?  
That were a road of little mirth,  
    A doleful travel.  
“ Why did I come ? ” you seem to cry,  
But that's a riddle you and I  
    Can scarce unravel.

Perhaps you really wished to come,  
But now you are so far from home  
    Repent the trial.  
What ! did you leave celestial bliss  
To bless us with a daughter's kiss ?  
    What self-denial !

Have patience for a little space,  
You might have come to a worse place,  
    Fair Angel-rover.  
Now wonder how you would have stayed,  
But hush your cries, my little maid,  
    The journey's over.

For utter stranger as you are,  
There still are many hearts ajar,  
    For your arriving.  
And trusty friends and lovers true  
Are waiting ready-made for you,  
    Without your striving.

The earth is full of lovely things,  
And if at first you miss your wings,  
    You'll soon forget them ;  
And others of a rarer kind  
Will grow upon your tender mind—  
    If you will let them—

Until you find that your exchange  
Of Heaven for earth expands your range  
    E'en as a flier,  
And that your mother, you and I,  
If we do what we should may fly  
    Than Angels higher.

*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

Pretty Babes but One Day Old      ∞      ∞

PRETTY babes but one day old,  
    Rosebud mouths and heads of gold,  
Tiny lips that never meet,  
    Limbs that shrink,  
    So soft, so pink,  
    So sweet.

Pretty babes but one day old,  
For the wealth of happiness untold  
You bring, asleep in rosy nest,  
    To those who keep  
    And watch your sleep  
        Be blessed !

For those wide-open eyes of wonder,  
Hidden your snowy laces under,  
For pearly tears and starry smile  
    By which our hearts  
    Your baby arts  
        Beguile ;

For fairy words you lisp and coo  
We bless and kiss you, dears, and woo  
Your smiles, gay linnets without care :  
    How many loves,  
    You pretty doves,  
        You snare !

Soft and silken little heads  
Nestling warm in tiny beds !  
A low voice whispers in your ear,  
    “ Sleep, sleep and smile,  
    I watch the while,  
        My dear ! ”

It is an angel that you hear,  
Sleep, my darlings, nothing fear.  
Dream beneath his wings of light !

He cradles you  
And guards you through  
The night.

Pretty babes but one day old,  
A thread of finest, brightest gold  
Binds you to glories whence you came.

To earth you've brought  
A soul untaught  
By shame.

In every house through which you pass  
You shine, a crocus in the grass,  
A white star in a stormy sky,  
Like dew which feeds  
The parchèd reeds  
That die.

But you have something more than these,  
Than tremulous star, or flower, or trees.  
Alas for us poor mortal things !

For one sad day  
You fly away  
On wings.

*Alphonse Daudet. Translated by M. N. d'A.*





III







### III.

Women's Hymn to the Goddess Hathor      ∞

**H**AIL, Goddess of Love and Travail! Hail,  
 Lady of Tears and Song!  
 Fountain of all Earth's beauty, to whom all gifts  
 belong!

Humbly, O Wife and Mother, our hearts seek Thine  
 in prayer—  
 Oh, keep our love and the Fruit of our love in Thy  
 tender care—

Thy Substance gave birth to the Beauty of God,  
 to the glory of KHEM\*—  
 Have we borne sons of our own, O Mother, give  
 beauty to them!

*Arthur Gray.*

\* KHEM is a native name for Egypt.

## A Blessing for the Blessed



WHEN the sun has left the hill-top,  
And the daisy-fringe is furled,  
When the birds from wood and meadow  
In their hidden nests are curled,  
Then I think of all the babies  
That are sleeping in the world.

There are babies in the high lands  
And babies in the low,  
There are pale ones wrapped in furry skins  
On the margin of the snow,  
And brown ones naked in the isles,  
Where all the spices grow.

And some are in the palace  
On a white and downy bed,  
And some are in the garret  
With a clout beneath their head,  
And some are on the cold hard earth  
Whose mothers have no bread.

O little men and women,  
Dear flowers yet unblown !  
O little kings and beggars  
Of the pageant yet unshown !  
Sleep soft and dream pale dreams now,  
To-morrow is your own. . . .

Though some shall walk in darkness,  
And others in the light,  
Though some shall smile and others weep  
In the silence of the night,  
When Life has touched with many hues  
Your souls now clear and white :

God save you, little children !  
And make your eyes to see  
His finger pointing in the dark  
Whatever you may be,  
Till one and all, through Life and Death,  
Pass to Eternity. . . .

*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*

Child Fragment ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

I HAVE a fair little child, with a shape like a  
golden flower, Kleis, my darling.

*Sappho. Translated by Gilbert Murray.*

Babyhood ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

I

A BABY shines as bright  
If winter or if May be  
On eyes that keep in sight  
A baby.

Though dark the skies or grey be,  
It fills our eyes with light,  
If midnight or midday be.

Love hails it, day and night,  
The sweetest thing that may be,  
Yet cannot praise aright  
A baby.

## II

All heaven, in every baby born,  
All absolute of earthly leaven,  
Reveals itself, though man may scorn  
All heaven.

Yet man might feel all sin forgiven,  
All grief appeased, all pain outworn,  
By this one revelation given.

Soul, now forget thy burdens borne :  
Heart, be thy joys now seven times seven :  
Love shows in light more bright than morn  
All heaven.

## III

What likeness may define, and stray not  
From truth's exactest way,  
A baby's beauty? Love can say not  
What likeness may.

The Mayflower loveliest held in May  
Of all that shine and stay not  
Laughs not in rosier disarray.

Sleek satin, swansdown, buds that play not  
As yet with winds that play,  
Would fain be matched with this, and may  
not :  
What likeness may ?

#### IV

Rose, round whose bed  
Dawn's cloudlets close,  
Earth's brightest-bred  
Rose !

No song, love knows,  
May praise the head  
Your curtain shows.

Ere sleep has fled,  
The whole child glows  
One sweet live red  
Rose.

*A. C. Swinburne.*

Baby



WHERE did you come from, baby dear ?  
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue ?  
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?  
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?  
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear ?  
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?  
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?  
From the same box as the cherub's wings.


How did they all just come to be you ?  
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear ?  
God thought about you, and so I am here.

*George MacDonald.*

Étude Réaliste    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞


I

 A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,  
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,  
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat  
They stretch and spread and wink  
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink  
Gleam half so heavenly sweet  
As shine on life's untrodden brink  
A baby's feet.

II

 A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled  
Whence yet no leaf expands,  
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,  
A baby's hands.

Then, fast as warriors grip their brands  
When battle's bolt is hurled,  
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled  
Match, even in loveliest lands,  
The sweetest flowers in all the world—  
A baby's hands.

### III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,  
Ere lips learn words or sighs,  
Bless all things bright enough to win  
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,  
And sleep flows out and in,  
Sees perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,  
Their speech make dumb the wise,  
By mute glad godhead felt within  
A baby's eyes.

*A. C. Swinburne.*



The Architect    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

LOVE, laughing, went forth in the dewy morn,  
When the clouds were chasing across the  
sky.

The lilacs glowed with the flush of the dawn,  
And thrushes were singing merrily.

He found red roses fresh unfurled,  
And white ones, warm from the night's caress,  
And frail anemones tight upcurled,  
And lilybuds in their silken dress.

Red roses he kissed into tiny lips,  
White roses into a tender cheek,  
Anemones with their rosy tips  
To fingers and toes, while soft and sleek

He stroked the lilybuds' yellow hair.  
Then two baby stars that had strayed away  
When the moon fled home in pale despair,  
He found in the grass where they hid from the  
day.

He set the stars in my baby's face  
Where the roses and lilies grew.  
He stole the sedge's swaying grace,  
And the wood dove's tender coo.

Then when the day began to close  
He chased a sunbeam many a mile ;  
Triumphant, before the moon uprose,  
He carried back my baby's smile.

Love, sighing, crept home when the world grew  
grey,  
And the clouds were hurrying home to rest  
When the moon sent down her first tremulous ray,  
And baby slept sound in her tiny nest.

*M. N. d'A.*

Red, Red Gold    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

RED, red gold, a kingdom's ransom, child,  
To weave thy yellow hair she bade them  
spin.

At early dawn the gossamer spiders toiled,  
And wove the sunrise in.

She took the treasures of the deep blue moon,  
She took the clear eyes of the morning star,  
The pale-faced lilies of a seven-days moon,  
The dust of Phœbus' car.

She painted thee with dewdrops from the flowers,  
Stained with their petals, hyacinth and rose,  
And violets all wet with April showers,  
And snowdrops from the snows.

*Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.*

To the World's Delight



★ O LITTLE feet, amid the grass  
Chasing the shadows as they pass,  
The river talks beside your way,  
The winds are sweet at dawn of day.

O little feet !

O little hands that pull the flowers  
Of Sunrise-Land no longer ours,  
Come, drag me with you to your play,  
And I shall make-believe all day.

O little hands !

O little heart, all fresh and true,  
Trusting the sky that still is blue,  
Be friends ! for, look ! the sky is grey  
O'er me—no more at dawn of day !

O little heart !

O little soul, mysterious—new,  
Fresh waked from God's eternal blue,  
Be near me, sweet ! At touch of thee  
Again, the Dawn-Wind breathes on me.

O little soul !

*Mary J. H. Skrine.*

Her Majesty



YOU'RE proud of your freedom,  
And I of my Queen,  
Most absolute monarch  
That ever was seen.  
She flouts and rejects me,  
Yet holds me in thrall,  
And daytime or night-time  
I speed at her call.

. . . . .

She speaks a strange language  
None other may know,  
I only divine it  
Through loving her so.  
Her Majesty's fingers  
That never are still,  
Play tunes on my heart-strings  
Whenever they will.

As wayward and fitful  
As April is she,  
Yet loving and lovely  
As lovely can be ;  
The tiniest monarch  
That ever was seen.  
You call her " the baby "—  
But she is my Queen.

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

Sketch of a Young Lady, Five Months Old ∞

MY pretty, budding, breathing flower,  
Methinks, if I to-morrow  
Could manage, just for half an hour,  
Sir Joshua's brush to borrow,  
I might immortalise a few  
Of all the myriad graces  
Which Time, while yet they all are new,  
With newer still replaces.

I'd paint, my child, your deep blue eyes,  
Their quick and earnest flashes ;  
I'd paint the fringe that round them lies,  
The fringe of long dark lashes ;  
I'd draw with most fastidious care  
One eyebrow, then the other,  
And that fair forehead, broad and fair,  
The forehead of your mother.

I'd oft retouch the dimpled cheek  
Where health in sunshine dances ;  
And oft the pouting lips, where speak  
A thousand voiceless fancies ;  
And the soft neck would keep me long,  
The neck, more smooth and snowy  
Than ever yet in schoolboy's song  
Had Caroline or Chloe.

Nor less on those twin rounded arms  
My new-found skill would linger,  
Nor less upon the rosy charms  
Of every tiny finger,  
Nor slight the small feet, little one,  
So prematurely clever  
That, though they neither walk nor run,  
I think they'd jump for ever.

But then your odd endearing ways—  
What study e'er could catch them ?  
Your aimless gestures, endless plays—  
What canvas e'er could match them ?  
Your lively leap of merriment,  
Your murmur of petition,  
Your serious silence of content,  
Your laugh of recognition.

Here were a puzzling toil, indeed,  
For Art's most fine creations !—  
Grow on, sweet baby ; we will need  
To note your transformations.  
No picture of your form or face,  
Your waking or your sleeping,  
But that which Love shall daily trace,  
And trust to Memory's keeping.

Hereafter, when revolving years  
Have made you tall and twenty,  
And brought you blended hopes and fears,  
And sighs and slaves in plenty,

May those who watch our little saint  
Among her tasks and duties,  
Feel all her virtues hard to paint,  
As now we deem her beauties.

*Winthrop Mackworth Praed.*

The Old Cradle ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

AND this was your Cradle? Why surely my  
Jenny,

Such cosy dimensions go clearly to show,  
You were an exceedingly small piccaninny  
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flowed in a much-troubled channel,  
I see you as then, in your impotent strife,  
A light little bundle of wailing and flannel,  
Perplexed with the newly found fardel of Life.

To hint at infantine frailty's a scandal;  
Let bygones be bygones, for somebody knows  
It was bliss such a baby to dance and to dandle,—  
Your cheeks were so dimpled, so rosy your toes.

Aye, here is your Cradle; and Hope, a bright spirit,  
With Love now is watching beside it, I know.  
They guard the wee nest it was yours to inherit  
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future, Love welcomes it  
smiling ;

Thus wags this old world, therefore stay not to  
ask,

“ My future bids fair, is my future beguiling ? ”

If masked, still it pleases—then raise not its  
mask.

Is Life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing ?

He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will  
adjust ;

For at most it's a footstep from cradle to coffin—

From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny ;

I see you, except for those infantine woes,

Little changed since you were but a small picca-  
ninny—

Your cheeks were so dimpled, so rosy your  
toes ;

Aye, here is the Cradle, much, much to my liking,

Though nineteen or twenty long winters have  
sped.

Hark ! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking—

It is time *Jenny's Baby* should be in its bed.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson.*



My Baby ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

MY baby has a mottled fist,  
My baby has a neck in creases ;  
My baby kisses and is kissed,  
For he's the very thing for kisses.

*Christina Rossetti.*

A Curly Lamb ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

ANGELS at the foot,  
And Angels at the head,  
And like a curly little lamb  
My pretty babe in bed.

*Christina Rossetti*

Bartholomew ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

BARTHOLOMEW  
Is very sweet,  
From sandy hair  
To rosy feet.

Bartholomew  
Is six months old,  
And dearer far  
Than pearls or gold.

Bartholomew  
Has deep blue eyes,  
Round pieces dropped  
From out the skies.

Bartholomew  
Is hugged and kissed !  
He loves a flower  
In either fist.

Bartholomew's  
My saucy son ;  
No mother has  
A sweeter one !

*Norman Gale.*

Children in Midwinter    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

CHILDREN are so flowerlike that it is always a little fresh surprise to see them blooming in winter. Their tenderness, their down, their colour, their fullness—which is like that of a thick rose or of a tight grape—look out of season. Children in the withering wind are like the soft golden-pink roses that fill the barrows in Oxford Street, breathing a Southern calm on the north wind. The child has something better than warmth in the cold, something more subtly out of place and more delicately contrary ; and that is coolness. To be cool in the cold is the sign of a vitality quite exquisitely alien from the common conditions of the world. It is to have a naturally and not an artificially different and separate climate.

We can all be more or less warm—with fur,

with skating, with tea, with fire, and with sleep—in the winter. But the child is fresh in the wind, and awakes cool from his dreams, dewy when there is hoar-frost everywhere else ; he is “ more lovely and more temperate ” than the summer day and than the winter day alike. He overcomes both heat and cold by another climate, which is the climate of life ; but that victory of life is more delicate and more surprising in the tyranny of January. By the sight and the touch of the children we are, as it were, indulged with something finer than a fruit or a flower in untimely bloom. The childish bloom is always rare. The fruit and flower will be common later on ; the strawberries will be a matter of course anon, and the asparagus dull in their day. But a child is a perpetual *primeur*.

Or rather, he is not in truth always untimely. Some few days in the year are his own season—unnoticed days of March or April, soft, fresh, and equal, when the child sleeps and rises with the sun. Then he looks as though he had his brief season, and ceases for a while to seem so strange.

*Alice Meynell.*

THE winter child looks so much the more beautiful for the season as his most brilliant uncles and aunts look less well. He is tender and gay in the east wind. Now more than ever must the lover beware of making a comparison between the beauty of the admired woman and the beauty of a child. He is, indeed, too wary ever to make it. So is the poet. As comparisons are necessary to him, he will pay a frankly impossible homage, and compare a woman's face to something too fine, to something it never could emulate. The Elizabethan lyrist is safe among lilies and cherries, roses, pearls, and snow. . . . Pearls and snow suffer in a sham fight a mimic defeat that does them no harm, and no harm comes to the lady's beauty from a competition so impossible. She never wore a lily or a coral in the colours of her face, and their beauty is not hers. But here is the secret: she is compared with a flower because she could not endure to be compared with a child. That would touch her too nearly. There would be the human texture and the life like hers, but immeasurably more lovely. No colour, no surface, no eyes of woman have ever been comparable with the colour, the surface, and the eyes of childhood. And no poet has ever run the risk of such a defeat.

*Alice Meynell.*

## White Flowers    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

I HAVE a fancy that for every baby-soul which is born into the garden of this world, there upsprings, in the heavenly garden above, a white flower which is watched over by the angels of God. It is the emblem of purity, the white flower of childhood; and so long as the soul on earth remains unsullied, so long as that soul retains the child-heart of purity, so long and no longer shall the heavenly flower bloom white and fair in the garden of God.

*Coulson Kernahan.*

## Somebody's Child    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

JUST a picture of somebody's child,—  
Sweet face set in its golden hair,  
Violet eyes and cheeks of rose,  
Rounded chin with a dimple there.

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep,  
Lit from within by a secret ray,—  
Tender eyes that will shine like stars  
When love and womanhood come this way:

Scarlet lips with a story to tell,—  
Blessed be he who shall find it out,  
Who shall learn the eye's deep secret well  
And read the heart with never a doubt.

Then you will tremble, scarlet lips,  
Then you will crimson, loveliest cheeks :  
Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn  
When the one true lover bends and speaks.

But she's only a child now, as you see,  
Only a child in her careless grace :  
When Love and Womanhood come this way  
Will anything sadden the flower-like face ?  
*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

The One-Year-Old      ~      ~      ~      ~

THERE he lay upon his back,  
The yearling creature, warm and moist with  
life

To the bottom of his dimples—to the ends  
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face,  
For since he had been covered over much  
To keep him from the light glare, both his cheeks  
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose  
The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into  
The faster for his love. And love was here  
As instant ; in the pretty baby mouth  
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked,  
The little naked feet, drawn up the way  
Of nested birdlings ; everything so soft  
And tender—to the tiny holdfast hands,  
Which, closing on a finger into sleep  
Had kept the mould of it.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

A Rhyme of One



YOU sleep upon your mother's breast,  
Your race begun,  
A welcome, long and wished-for guest,  
Whose age is One.

A baby-boy, you wonder why  
You cannot run ;  
You try to talk—how hard you try !—  
You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce ;  
You'll eat your bun  
And fly your kite, like folk who once  
Were only One.

You'll rhyme, and woo, and fight, and joke,  
Perhaps you'll pun !  
Such feats are never done by folk  
Before they're One.

Some day, too, you may have your joy,  
And envy none :  
Yes, you, yourself, may own a boy  
Who isn't One.

He'll dance, and laugh, and crow, he'll do  
As you have done ;  
(You crown a happy home, though you  
Are only One.)

But when he's grown shall you be here  
To share his fun  
And talk of times, when he (the dear)  
Was hardly One ?

Dear child, 'tis your poor lot to be  
My little son ;  
I'm glad, though I am old, you see,  
While you are One.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson.*

If I Could Keep Her So



**J**UST a little baby, lying in my arms,—  
Would that I could keep you, with your baby  
charms ;

Helpless, clinging fingers downy golden hair,  
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from other-  
where ;

Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,  
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek ;  
Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,  
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*



To Teresa



DEAR child of mine, the wealth of whose  
warm hair

Hangs like ripe clusters of the apricot,

Thy blue eyes, gazing, comprehend me not,  
But love me, and for love alone I care ;

Thou listenest with a shy and serious air,

Like some Sabrina from her weedy grot

Outpeeping coyly, when the moon is hot,  
To watch some shepherd piping unaware.

'Twas not for thee I sang, dear child—and yet

Would that my song could reach such ears as  
thine,

Pierce to young hearts unsullied by the fret

Of years in their white innocence divine ;

Crowned with a wreath of buds still dewy-wet,

O what a fragrant coronal were mine !

*Edmund Gosse.*





## IV





#### IV

##### Child-Song



SLEEPE, babie mine, Desire's nurse, Beautie,  
singeth ;

Thy cries, O babie, set mine head on aking.

The babe cries, " Way, thy love doth keepe me  
waking."

Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth  
Unto my children alway, good rest taking.

The babe cries, " Way, thy love doth keepe me  
waking."

Since, babie mine, from me thy watching springeth,  
Sleepe, then, a little, pap Content is making.

The babe cries, " Nay, for that abide I waking."

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

##### The Mother's Lullaby



M Y little sweete darling, my comfort and joy,  
Singe lully by, lully,

In beauty excellling the princes of Troye,  
Singe lully by, lully.

Now, sucke, child, and sleepe, child, thy mother's  
    sweete boy,  
The gods blesse and keepe thee from cruel annoy,  
Thy father, sweete infant, from mother is gone,  
And she in the woods here, with thee left alone.

To thee, little infant, why do I make mone,  
    Singe lully, lully,  
Sith thou canst not help me to sighe nor to  
    grone,  
    Singe lully, lully, lully,  
Sweete baby, lully by, sweete baby, lully, lully.  
    *Old Lullaby.*

Cradle-Song      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

PHILOMEL, with melody,  
    Sing in our sweet lullaby,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

*Shakespeare.*

A Lullaby      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,  
    Smiles awake you when you rise ;  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
    And I will sing a lullaby,  
    Rock them, rock them, lullaby !

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;  
You are care, and care must keep you :  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby,  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

*Thomas Dekker.*

Sephestia's Song to Her Child ∞ ∞ ∞

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;  
When thou art old, there's grief enough for  
thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy ;  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,  
He was glad, I was woe ;  
Fortune changèd made him so,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;  
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,  
Like pearl drops from a flint,  
Fell by course from his eyes,  
That one another's place supplies ;  
Thus he grieved in every part,  
Tears of blood fell from his heart  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;  
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,  
Mother cried, baby leapt ;  
More he crowed, more we cried,  
Nature could not sorrow hide :  
He must go, he must kiss  
Child and mother, baby bliss,  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;  
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

*Robert Greene.*

Lullaby    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

UPON my lap my sovereign sits  
And sucks upon my breast ;  
Meantime his love maintains my life  
And gives my sense her rest.  
Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

When thou hast taken thy repast,  
Repose, my babe, on me ;  
So may thy mother and thy nurse  
Thy cradle also be.  
Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !



I grieve that duty doth not work  
All that my wishing would,  
Because I would not be to thee  
But in the best I should.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

Yet as I am, and as I may,  
I must and will be thine,  
Though all too little for thyself  
Vouchsafing to be mine.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

*Richard Rowland.*

Lullaby    ~       ~       ~       ~       ~       ~

COME, little babe ! come, silly soul !  
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief :  
Born, as I doubt, to all our dole,  
And to thyself unhappy chief ;  
Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,  
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm !

Thou little think'st and less dost know  
The cause of all thy mother's moan ;  
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,  
And I myself am all alone.  
Why dost thou weep ? Why dost thou wail ?  
And know'st not yet what thou dost ail.

Come, little wretch ! ah, silly heart !  
Mine only joy ! What can I more ?  
If there be any wrong thy smart,  
That may the destinies implore,—  
'Twas I, I say against my will ;  
I wail the time, but be thou still !

And dost thou smile ? O thy sweet face !  
Would God Himself He might thee see :  
No doubt thou would'st soon purchase grace,  
I know right well, for thee and me.  
But come to mother, babe ! and play :  
For father false is fled away.

*Nicholas Breton.*

Sleep, Baby, Sleep      ~      ~      ~      ~

SLEEP, baby, sleep ! What ails my dear ?  
What ails my darling thus to cry ?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear  
To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what can'st thou fear ?  
What thing to thee can mischief do ?  
Thy God is now thy father dear,  
His holy spouse thy mother too.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be ;  
Thine eldest brother is a king,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.  
Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy protector threatened are,  
And God and angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.  
When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes He took delight ;  
Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in His sight.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.  
In this thy frailty and thy need  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,  
For of thy weal they tender are.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.  
The King of kings, when He was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease ;  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such-like swaddling clothes as these,

Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay, and asses fed ;  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easy cradle for a bed.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain  
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee ;  
And by His torments and His pain  
Thy rest and ease securèd be.  
My baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,  
A promise and an earnest got  
Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

*George Wither.*

A Cradle-Hymn ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

HUSH ! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed !  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle :  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When His birthplace was a stable  
And His softest bed was hay.

See the lovely babe a-dressing ;  
Lovely infant, how He smiled !  
When He wept the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,  
Where the hornèd oxen fed ;  
Peace, my darling ; here's no danger,  
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

*Isaac Watts.*

Old Gaelic Lullaby ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

HUSH ! the waves are rolling in,  
White with foam, white with foam ;  
Father toils amid the din,  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—  
On they come, on they come !  
Brother seeks the wandering sheep,  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes  
Where they roam, where they roam ;  
Sister goes to seek the cows,  
But baby sleeps at home.

The Lullaby      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

HUSH, baby mine, and weep no more ;  
Each gem thy regal fathers wore,  
When Erinn, Emerald Isle, was free,  
Thy poet-sire bequeaths to thee !  
Hush, baby dear, and weep no more !  
Hush, baby mine, my treasured store ;  
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,  
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan !

The steed of golden housings rare,  
Bestowed by glorious Falvey Fair,  
The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,  
In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud !  
Hush, baby dear.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,  
That flashed despair on foeman's flight ;  
And Mureha's fierce, far-shooting bow,  
That at Clontarf laid heroes low !  
Hush, baby dear.

The courier hound that tidings bore  
From Cashel to Bunratty's shore ;  
An eagle fierce, a bird of song,  
And Skellig's hawk, the fierce and strong.  
Hush, baby dear.

Fingal's swift sword of death and fear,  
And Dearmid's host-compelling spear ;  
The helm that guarded Oscar's head,  
When fierce MacTreon beneath him bled.  
Hush, baby dear.

Son of old chiefs ! to thee is due  
The gift Aoife gave her champions true,  
That sealed for aye Ferdia's doom,  
And gave young Conlaoch to the tomb.  
Hush, baby dear.

Nor shall it be ungiven, unsung,  
The mantle dark of Dulaing young,  
That viewless left the chief who laid  
Whole hosts beneath his battle-blade !  
Hush, baby dear.

Another boon shall grace thy hand,  
MacDuivne's life-protecting brand,  
Great Aongus' gift, when Fenian foe  
Pursued his path with shaft and bow !  
Hush, baby dear.

And dainty and rich *beoir*\* I'll bring,  
And raiment meet for chief and king ;  
But gift and song shall yield to joy—  
Thy mother comes to greet her boy !  
Hush, baby dear, and weep no more ;  
Hush, baby mine, my treasured store ;  
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,  
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan !

FROM THE IRISH OF OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.

*Edward Walsh.*

A Cradle-Song ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

SWEET dreams, form a shade  
O'er my lovely infant's head !  
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
By happy, silent, moony beams !

Sweet sleep, with soft down  
Weave thy brows an infant crown !  
Sweet sleep, angel mild,  
Hover o'er my angel child !

Sweet smiles, in the night  
Hover over my delight !  
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,  
All the livelong night beguile.

\* A liquor, anciently made from mountain-heath.



Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,  
Chase not slumber from thine eyes !  
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,  
All the dovelike moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child !  
All creation slept and smiled.  
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,  
While o'er thee doth mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Holy image I can trace ;  
Sweet babe, once like thee  
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me :

Wept for me, for thee, for all,  
When He was an infant small.  
Thou His image ever see,  
Heavenly face that smiles on thee !

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,  
Who became an infant small ;  
Infant smiles are His own smiles :  
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

*William Blake.*

Sleep, Sleep, Beauty Bright    ∞    ∞    ∞

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming in the joys of night ;  
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,  
Smiles as of the morning steal  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep !  
When thy little heart doth wake,  
Then the dreadful light shall break.

*William Blake.*

The Virgin's Cradle-Hymn    ∞    ∞    ∞

SLEEP, sweet babe ! my cares beguiling ;  
Mother sits beside thee smiling ;  
Sleep, my darling, tenderly !  
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,  
Singing as her wheel she turneth,  
Come, soft slumber, balmily.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

The Cottager to her Infant      ~      ~      ~

THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
The north wind sings a doleful song ;  
Then hush again upon my breast ;  
All merry things are now at rest,  
Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;  
There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one, *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that startling light ;  
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
On the window-pane bedropped with rain ;  
Then, little Darling ! sleep again,  
And wake when it is day.

*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

O Sleep, my Babe      ~      ~      ~      ~

O SLEEP, my babe, hear not the rippling  
wave,  
Nor feel the breeze that round thee lingering  
strays  
To drink thy balmy breath .  
And sigh one long farewell.

Soon shall it mourn above thy wat'ry bed,  
And whisper to me, on the wave-beat shore,  
    Deep murm'ring in reproach,  
    Thy sad, untimely fate.

Ere those dear eyes had open'd on the light,  
In vain to plead, thy coming life was sold,  
    O waken'd but to sleep,  
    Whence it can wake no more !

A thousand and a thousand silken leaves  
The tufted beech unfolds in early spring,  
    All clad in tenderest green,  
    All of the self-same shape :

A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,  
Each year sends forth, yet every mother views  
    Her last, not least, beloved  
    Like its dear self alone.

No musing mind hath ever yet foreshaped  
The face to-morrow's sun shall first reveal,  
    No heart hath e'er conceived  
    What love that face will bring.

O sleep, my babe, nor heed how mourns the gale  
To part with thy soft locks and fragrant breath,  
    As when it deeply sighs  
    O'er Autumn's latest bloom.

*Sara Coleridge.*

The Last Cradle-Song    ~    ~    ~    ~

BAWLOO, my bonnie baby, bawilililu,  
Light be thy care and cumber ;  
Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawilililu,  
Oh, sweet be thy sinless slumber.  
Ere thou wert born, my youthful heart  
Yearned o'er my babe with sorrow ;  
Long is the night noon that we must part,  
But bright shall arise the morrow.

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawilililu,  
Here no more shall I see thee ;  
Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawilililu,  
O, sair is my heart to lea' thee ?  
But far within yon sky so blue,  
In love that fail shall never,  
In valleys beyond the land of the dead  
I'll sing to my baby for ever.

*James Hogg.*

Lullaby of an Infant Chief    ~    ~    ~

OHUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a  
knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;  
The woods and the glens, from the towers which  
we see,  
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,  
O ho ro, i ri ri.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would  
be red

Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,

O ho ro, i ri ri.

O hush thee, my babie, the time will soon  
come

When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and  
drum ;

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you  
may,

For strife comes with manhood, and waking with  
day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,

O ho ro, i ri ri.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

Wee Willie Winkie      ~      ~      ~      ~

WEE WILLIE WINKIE runs through the  
town,

Upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown,

Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,

“ Are the weans in their bed ?—for it's now ten  
o'clock.”

Hey, Willie Winkie ! are ye comin' ben ?  
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,  
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie  
a cheep ;  
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue,—glow'rin' like the  
moon,  
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,  
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a  
cock,  
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin'  
folk !

Hey, Willie Winkie ! the wean's in a creel !  
Waumblin' aft a bodie's knee like a vera cel,  
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her  
thrums :  
Hey, Willie Winkie !—See, there he comes !

Wearie is the Mither that has a storie wean,  
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,  
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close  
an ee ;  
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew  
to me.

*William Miller.*

O can ye Sew Cushions?



O CAN ye sew cushions? and can ye sew sheets?

And can ye sing bal-lu-loo when the bairn greets?

And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw lamb!

And hee and baw birdie, my bonnie wee lamb!  
Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do wi' you?

Black's the life that I lead wi' you;  
Mony o' you, little for to gie you;

Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do wi' you?

I'll set baby's cradle on yon holly-top,

And aye as the wind blaws, the cradle will rock:  
And hee and ba-birdie, and ba-lily-loo,

And hee and ba-birdie, my bonnie wee doo!  
Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do wi' you?

Black's the life that I lead wi' you;  
Mony o' you, little for to gie you;

Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do wi' you?

Holy Innocents



SLEEP, little baby, sleep,  
The holy Angels love thee,  
And guard thy bed and keep  
A blessed watch above thee.

No spirit can come near

Nor evil beast to harm thee;

Sleep, sweet, devoid of fear

Where nothing need alarm thee.



The love which doth not sleep,  
The eternal Arms surround thee :  
The Shepherd of true sheep  
In perfect love hath found thee.  
Sleep through the holy night,  
Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,  
Until thou wake to light  
And love and warmth to-morrow.

*Christina Rossetti.*

Lullaby    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

LULLABY, oh lullaby !  
Flowers are closed and lambs are  
sleeping ;

Lullaby, oh lullaby !  
Stars are up, the moon is peeping ;  
Lullaby, oh lullaby !  
While the birds are silence keeping,  
(Lullaby, oh lullaby !)

Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,  
Lullaby, oh lullaby !

*Christina Rossetti.*

Lullaby    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

DREAM, baby, dream ! the stars are glowing ;  
Hear'st thou the stream so softly flowing ?  
All gently glide the hours,  
Above no tempest lowers,  
Below are fragrant flowers  
In silence growing.  
Dream, baby, dream !

Sleep, baby, sleep, till dawn to-morrow ;  
Why should'st thou weep who know'st not sorrow ?  
    Too soon come pains and fears,  
    Too soon a chase for tears,  
    So from thy future years  
No sadness borrow.  
Sleep, baby, sleep !

*Barry Cornwall.*

Sweet and Low    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
    Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
    Wind of the western sea !  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
    Blow him again to me ;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
    Father will come to thee soon ;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
    Father will come to thee soon ;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west,  
    Under the silver moon ;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

*Lord Tennyson.*

Child's Song



SWIFTLY fluttering duckling,  
This night where were you straying?  
This night where were you staying?  
“Over there, by yonder swamp,  
With Kuzma and Demyán I stayed,  
And Saint Barbara.”\*

See, our stove has warmed up quickly,  
And the porridge stewed quite thickly;  
On the shelf the cakes are hidden,  
And with beer the cask is bursting.  
Pantaloons were on a visit;  
Whipping, switching, whipping, switching;  
Bid the rebecs silence keep,  
Or they'll break our mother's sleep.  
Mother now is very old;  
Father's quite a young man!  
Brothers those are soldiers bold,  
Sisters two are wedded.

Brother Roman lies there dead,  
Buried while the church-bell tinkled;  
Incense over him they sprinkled:  
They gave him the Holy Bread.  
Who will weep for brother Roman?  
Two wolves with their wool all lumpy,  
Two big pigs all bunched and humpy,  
Two hens with their tails worn off,  
Two cocks with their heads torn off.

*Translated from the Russian by Arthur Lamb.*

\* Popular Saints.

To a Sleeping Child



LIPS, lips, open !

Up comes a little bird that lives inside—  
Up comes a little bird, and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings,  
Up he comes and out he goes at night to spread  
his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee ?  
Far away round the world, while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam ?  
All round the world and around again home ;  
Round the round world and back through the air,  
When the morning comes the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird, and looks and in he  
flies,

Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away ;  
Little bird will come again, by the peep of day.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, the little bird must go  
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round,  
Round and round he goes ; sleep, sleep sound.

*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

Cradle-Song      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

THE little yachts swing lanterns at their bows,  
The little yachts like stars to harbour creep,  
The little yachts, they fold their tired sails,  
Their baby hulls, how fast they fall asleep.

So let my heart thy harbour be, so let  
Thy little lamp held safe awhile from sea,  
Rock here at rest, oh babe of mine, and drop,  
For this one hour, its starshine into me.

*H. H. Bashford.*

A Wintry Lullaby      ~      ~      ~      ~

BLOW, wind blow,  
The fields are white with snow—  
Sleeping daisies, deep and warm,  
Cannot hear the winter storm.

Freeze, air, freeze,  
The rime is on the trees—  
Sleeping buds within the bough,  
Dream of spring and cuckoos now.

Turn, earth, turn,  
The flames of life do burn—  
Sleeping girl, my baby dove,  
Knows no world but mother's love.

*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*

Lullaby    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

SLEEP, my angels, side by side  
Till the morrow's coming,  
Till the rosebuds open wide  
At the brown bees' humming ;  
Clover-spice and butterfly,  
Faithful in the meadows,  
Stay where mottled cattle sigh  
In the cooling shadows.  
Angel rosebuds, dream and wait  
Till the sun is peeping  
At my maid and at her mate,  
Rosebud angels, sleeping.

*Norman Gale.*

Baby-Song    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

I

SLEEP, baby, sleep !  
The greeny glow-worms creep,  
The pigeons to their cote are gone,  
And, to their fold, the sheep.

Rest, baby, rest !  
The sun sinks in the west,  
The daisies all have gone to sleep,  
The birds are in the nest.

Sleep, baby, sleep !  
The sky grows dark and deep,  
The stars watch over all the world,  
God's angels guard thy sleep.

II

Wake, baby, dear !  
The good glad morning's here ;  
The dove is cooing soft and low,  
The lark sings loud and clear.

Wake, baby, wake !  
Long since the day did break,  
The daisy buds are all uncurled,  
The sun laughs in the lake.

Wake, baby, dear !  
Thy mother's waiting near,  
And love, and flowers, and birds, and sun,  
And all things bright and dear.

*E. Nesbit.*

Baby Louise      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

I'M in love with you, Baby Louise !  
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,  
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,  
And the faint sweet smile you brought from the  
skies,—  
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,  
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,  
With a pretty innocent saint-like air,  
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught  
prayer

You learned above, Baby Louise ?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise !  
Why ! you never raise your beautiful head !  
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red  
With a flush of delight to hear the words said :  
“ I love you, Baby Louise.”

Do you hear me, Baby Louise !  
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,  
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,  
And you're going to sleep like a weary flower,  
Ungrateful Baby Louise !

*Margaret Eytinge.*

### The Fire Lullaby



O HEAR him sing, the Fiery King !  
Hear him, laddie—hear the fellow !  
There he goes and there he blows  
All in robes of red and yellow.  
O my dearie, learn to fear him,—  
Be you wise and don't go near him !



While you're sleeping, he shall wake ;  
He shall fright the wolves and cheat 'em ;  
He shall warm you, he shall bake  
Sweetest cakes and you shall eat 'em.  
Hush, my baby, don't you weep now !  
Hush, my darling, go to sleep now.

*Herman Scheffauer.*

Lullaby    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

SLEEP soft and long, no morn is worth the  
waking.

The world has tears for waking eyes to weep.  
Beat soft and strong, dear heart too small for  
breaking.

Little one, gentle one, sleep !

Out in the rain lies one who will not waken,  
Out in the night lies one whose dreams are deep ;  
What can it mean to you, the word " forsaken " ?

Little one, laughing one, sleep !

*Alice Herbert.*

Cradle-Song    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

DEEP upon deep of an infinite darkness,  
Star beyond star to an uttermost height,  
Low in the East—you remember ?—a ribbon,  
Lamplight or moon on the brink of the night.

Lamplight, you told me, the glow of the city  
Over the hills and the dales of the dark.  
“ Nay, but,” I said, “ ’tis the moon still unrisen,  
Stretching her arms at the gates of the park.”

Lamplight or moonrise—of earth or beyond it ?  
So we disputed—we quarrelled—you smiled,  
Smiled, and behold, a new light to unravel,  
I but a youngster, and you but a child.

Strange little gleam winking out of the darkness,  
Well—and whence came it then, dropped from  
the deep ?  
Has it died out again ? H’ssh—you can tell me ?  
Look—he’s asleep.

*H. H. Bashford.*

Lullaby    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

THE rooks’ nests do rock on the tree-top,  
Where few foes can stand ;  
The martin’s is high and is deep  
In the steep cleft of sand ;  
But thou, love, a-sleeping where footsteps  
Might come to thy bed,  
Hast father and mother to watch thee  
And shelter thy head.  
Lullaby, Lilybrow, lie asleep ;  
Blest be thy rest.

And some birds do keep under roofing  
Their young from the storm ;  
And some wi' nest-hoodings of moss  
And o' wool do lie warm.  
And we will look well to the house-roof  
That o'er thee might leak,  
And the beast that might beat on thy window  
Shall not smite thy cheek.  
Lullaby, Lilybrow, lie asleep ;  
Blest be thy rest.

*William Barnes.*

Welsh Lullaby (Y Fawr a' i Baban)      ~      ~

THE mother yields her little babe to sleep  
Upon her tender breast,  
And singing still a lullaby,  
Hushes its heart to rest :  
“ O sleep in peace upon my bosom,  
And sweetly may your small dreams blossom :  
And from the fears that made me weep you,  
And from all pains, as soft you sleep you,  
The angels lightly guard and keep you  
And hold you blest !

“ Your mother, dear, is often full of fear,  
As the moments run ;  
Her love entwines so close, ah dear,—  
Dearest little one.

Her song is in its music weeping,  
To think of death and its dark keeping,  
That yet might turn those red cheeks white,—  
Life's rose, that grows so in her sight,—  
And your bright eyes, like morning light,  
Dearest little one ! ”

*Ernest Rhys.*

### Sleeping and Watching



SLEEP on, baby, on the floor,  
Tired of all the playing !  
Sleep with smile the sweeter, for  
That you dropped away in !  
On your curls' full roundness stand  
Golden lights serenely.  
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,  
Folds the dimple inly.  
Little head and little foot  
Heavy laid for pleasure,  
Underneath the lids half shut  
Slants the shining azure.—  
Open soul in noonday sun,  
So you lie and slumber !  
Nothing evil having done,  
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,  
Shall I sigh to view you ?  
Or sigh further to foretell  
All that may undo you ?

Nay, keep smiling, little child,  
Ere the sorrow neareth.  
I will smile too ! patience mild  
Pleasure's token weareth.  
Nay, keep sleeping before loss,  
I shall sleep through losing !  
As by cradle, so by cross,  
Sure is the reposing.

And God knows Who sees us twain,  
Child at childish leisure,  
I am near as tired of pain  
As you seem of pleasure.  
Very soon, too, by His grace  
Gently wrapt around me,  
Shall I show as calm a face,  
Shall I sleep as soundly.  
Differing in this, that you  
Clasp your playthings, sleeping,  
While my hand shall drop the few  
Given to my keeping.

Differing in this, that I,  
Sleeping, shall be colder,  
And in waking presently,  
Brighter to beholder.  
Differing in this beside  
(Sleeper, have you heard me ?  
Do you move and open wide  
Eyes of wonder toward me ?)—

That while you I thus recall  
From your sleep, I solely,  
Me from mine an angel shall  
With réveillé holy.

*E. B. Browning.*

Baby's Slumbers



IN his tiny sun-kissed cradle  
Bathed in floods of liquid gold,  
Sound he sleeps, a fragile mystery,  
The babe of but a few weeks old.

Skin like warm, sun-ripened peaches,  
Sweet, fresh lips that half unclose ;  
On his gilded couch enthronèd  
See the youthful god repose.

Lighter than the ghostly night-moth  
Hovering on the scented night,  
Nothing breaks the brooding silence  
Save his breathing, rhythmic, light.

By his breath in gentle wavelets  
Weary foreheads are caressed,  
For our winter's glad renaissance,  
Gentle sleeper, be thou blessed !

For our souls, intoxicated,  
Dream of earth's primeval morn,  
When, 'mid lilies pale and roses  
'Neath the sunrise, man was born

To a world of peace pellucid,  
A world of flowers and sweet birds' song.  
And his heart was fresh and eager,  
Innocent of any wrong.

Fragrant breath of little children,  
To a tired world you bring  
Joyous youth, a quickening spirit  
That renews our vanished spring.

You, the sap, the fire, the sparkle  
On life's wine, by poets sung,  
In our souls those hopes you waken  
That blossomed when the world was young !

In his tiny sun-kissed cradle,  
Bathed in floods of liquid gold,  
Sound he sleeps, a radiant mystery,  
The babe of but a few weeks old.

*Adapted from the French of Georges Rency by  
M. N. d'A.*





V









LOVE LEADS THE WAY.

"Love, laughing, leads the little feet,  
A little way."



V

First Footsteps ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A LITTLE way, more soft and sweet  
Than fields a-flower with May,  
A babe's feet, venturing, scarce complete  
A little way.

Eyes full of dawning day  
Look up for mother's eyes to meet,  
Too blithe for song to say.

Glad as the golden spring to greet  
Its first live leaflet's play,  
Love, laughing, leads the little feet  
A little way.

*A. C. Swinburne.*

## Walking Alone ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

IT was prettily said by a young mother, "When my little son began to walk alone, I felt that he was breaking away from me." It is a painful blow this first attempted detachment, which the child will later on renew at each fresh outburst of his youth. . . . "He used to steady himself against the furniture, to clutch hold of my dress, then one day he pulls himself together, tries his unsteady little steps, balances himself, and off he goes ! Oh, how I cried !"

*Mdme. Alphonse Daudet.*

## My First Meeting with David ∞ ∞ ∞

HE again held up his foot, which had a gouty appearance owing to its being contained in a dumpy little worsted sock, and I thought he proposed to repeat his first performance ; but in this I did him an injustice, for, unlike Porthos, he was one who scorned to do the same feat twice ; perhaps, like the conjurers, he knew that the audience were more on the alert the second time.

I discovered that he wanted me to take off his sock !

Remembering Irène's dread warnings on this subject, I must say that I felt uneasy. Had he heard her, and was he daring me ? And what dire thing could happen if the sock was removed ? I sought to reason with him, but he signed to me

to look sharp, and I removed the sock. The part of him thus revealed gave David considerable pleasure, but I noticed, as a curious thing, that he seemed to have no interest in the other foot.

However, it was not there merely to be looked at, for after giving me a glance which said "Now observe!" he raised his bare foot and ran his mouth along the toes, like one playing on a barbaric instrument. He then tossed his foot aside, smiled his long triumphant smile, and intimated that it was now my turn to do something.

*J. M. Barrie. (The Little White Bird.)*

Creep Afore ye Gang    ~    ~    ~    ~

CREEP awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang,  
Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld granny's  
sang ;

Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang—  
Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn  
To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn ;  
Better creeping cannie, than fa'ing wi' a bang,  
Duntin' a' your wee brow—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll laugh, an' ye'll nod to your  
mother,

Watching ilka step of your wee downy brother ;  
Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow  
strang,

And ye'll be a braw chield yet—creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee ;  
Folks are sure to tumble when they climb over hie ;  
They wha dinna walk aright are sure to come to  
    wrang—

Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

*James Ballantine.*

### Adventurers in Speech ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

THERE is something very cheerful and courageous in the setting-out of a child on a journey of speech with so small baggage and with so much confidence in the chances of the hedge. He goes free, a simple adventurer. Nor does he make any officious effort to invent anything strange or particularly expressive or descriptive. The child trusts genially to his hearer. A very young boy, excited by his first sight of sunflowers, was eager to describe them, and called them, without allowing himself to be checked for the trifle of a name, "summersets." This was simple and unexpected; so was the comment of a sister a very little older. "Why does he call those flowers summersets?" their mother said; and the girl, with a darkly brilliant look of humour and penetration, answered, "Because they are so big." There seemed to be no further question possible after an explanation that was presented thus charged with meaning.

*Alice Meynell.*



## The Sun and the Moon



BY night, on the baby's cradle,  
The Moon sheds down his rays :  
“ Why does the Moon so glisten ? ”  
Shyly my baby says.

All the live-long day he was shining,  
The Sun, he grew tired, oppressed.  
God said : “ Go to sleep. Thereafter  
All will slumber and rest.”

And the Sun besought his brother :  
“ My brother, Moon of gold,  
Do thou light thy lantern at night-time,  
When the wintry bud is cold.

“ Those who pray, those who are waiting,  
Those who thwart the others' sleep,—  
Tell me all, and in the morning  
Come ; my record I will keep.”

Knock ! Knock ! Knock ! The doors are  
opening,  
“ Sun, get up ; the rook's a-wing.  
And the cock is now a-crowing,  
And the matin-peals now ring.”

Up the Sun gets and inquires :  
“ Well, my darling, what news now ?  
How has God been dealing with thee ?  
Why so pale ? And how art thou ? ”

And the Moon begins his story,  
How the folks have carried on ;  
If the night has been a calm one,  
Joyously doth rise the Sun.

But, if not, he rises clouded,  
Rain will fall : the wind will blow ;  
Nurse will not walk in the garden,  
And will not let her baby go.

*From the Russian of Polonski,  
translated by Arthur Lamb.*

Old Song



DING dong, come along,  
Here's our baby dancing,  
Ding dong, come along,  
Here's our baby dancing ;  
Play a pretty tune to-day,  
Frank and Harry, Kate and May,  
Frank and Harry, Kate and May  
Merrily are dancing.  
Ding dong, come along, come along,  
Here's our baby dancing.

Song



A FRISKY lamb  
And a frisky child,  
Playing their pranks  
In a cowslip meadow.

The sky is blue  
And the air all mild,  
And the fields all sun,  
And the lanes half shadow.

*Christina Rossetti.*

The Child Puzzle



TO attend to a living child is to be baffled in your humour, disappointed of your pathos, and set freshly free from all the preoccupations. You cannot anticipate him. Blackbirds, overheard year by year, do not compose the same phrases; never two leit-motifs alike. Not the tone, but the tune alters. With the uncovenanted ways of a child you keep no tryst. They meet you at another place, after failing you where you tarried; your former experiences, your documents, are at fault. You are the fellow-traveller of a bird. The bird alights and escapes out of time to your footing.

*Alice Meynell.*

Parental Recollections    ~    ~    ~    ~

A CHILD'S a plaything for an hour :  
Its pretty tricks we try  
For that or for a longer space ;  
Then tire and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself  
All reasons would control ;  
That would have mocked the sense of pain  
Out of a grievèd soul.

Thou struggler into loving arms,  
Young climber up of knees !  
When I forget thy thousand ways,  
Then life and all shall cease.

*Mary Lamb.*

A Terrible Infant    ~    ~    ~    ~

I RECOLLECT a nurse called Ann,  
Who carried me about the grass,  
And one fine day a fair young man  
Came up and kissed the pretty lass ;  
She did not make the least objection !

Thinks I, *Aha !*

*When I can talk I'll tell Mamma !*

—And that's my earliest recollection.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson.*

My Little Lad    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

I HAVE one child, and only one,  
The dearest little lad,  
And seeing him, I feel as though  
The whole wide world I had.

But O so seldom do I see  
My boy awake and bright,  
I always find him fast asleep  
When I come home at night.

So early must I go to work,  
So late it sets me free,  
A stranger in my house I am  
And strange my child to me.

I come back home with heart oppressed,  
For sorrow shrouds my days,  
My pale wife tells how prettily  
Our little darling plays.

How well he talks, how knowingly  
He makes his sly demand,  
“ O mother, when will Daddy come,  
A penny in his hand ? ”

I listen, and I stand erect,  
And cry, “ Yes, it shall be !  
My love is kindled to a flame,  
My child *shall* look on me ! ”

I stand beside his little bed,  
He lies so still, so fair.  
Ah see ! He whispers in his dreams,  
“ O Daddy, are you there ? ”

I kiss the little eyes. O joy !  
I have not kissed in vain.  
They open wide ! He sees me now !  
Alas ! they close again.

“ It is your Father, dearest boy,  
And here’s the penny due.”  
Again he whispers in his dreams,  
“ O Daddy, is it you ? ”

Ah, heavy is my load of grief,  
Ah, bitter is my lot !  
One day, my child, you will awake,  
And look—and find me not !

*B. Paul Neuman. From the Yiddish of Morris  
Rosenfeld.*

The Christmas Tree at “The Pines” ∞ ∞

LIFE still hath one romance that naught can  
bury—

Not Time himself, who coffins Life’s romances—  
For still will Christmasgild the year’s mischances,

If Childhood comes, as here, to make him merry—  
To kiss with lips more ruddy than the cherry—  
To smile with eyes outshining by their glances  
The Christmas tree—to dance with fairy dances  
And crown his hoary brow with leaf and berry.  
And as to us, dear friend, the carols sung  
Are fresh as ever. Bright is yonder bough  
Of mistletoe as that which shone and swung  
When you and I and Friendship made a vow  
That Childhood's Christmas still should seal  
each brow—  
Friendship's, and yours, and mine—and keep us  
young.

*Theodore Watts-Dunton.*

### A Child's Day    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

WHEN I was a little child  
It was always golden weather.  
My days stretched out so long  
From rise to set of sun,  
I sang and danced and smiled—  
My light heart like a feather—  
From morn to even-song ;  
But the child's days are done.

I used to wake with the birds—  
The little birds wake early,  
For the sunshine leaps and plays  
On the mother's head and wing,

And the clouds were white as curds ;  
The apple trees stood pearly ;  
I always think of the child's days  
As one unending Spring.

I knew where all flowers grew.  
I used to lie in the meadow  
Ere reaping-time and mowing-time  
And carting home the hay.  
And O the skies were blue !  
O drifting light and shadow !  
It was another time and clime—  
The little child's sweet day.

And in the long day's waning  
The skies grew rose and amber  
And palest green and gold,  
With a moon's white flame.  
And if came wind and raining,  
Grey hours I don't remember ;  
Nor how the warm year waxed cold  
And deathly Autumn came.

Only of that young time  
The bright things I remember :  
How orchard boughs were laden red  
And blackberries so brave



Came ere the frost and rime—  
Ere the dreary dark November,  
With dripping black boughs overhead  
And dead leaves on a grave.

The years have come and gone,  
And brought me many a pleasure  
And many a gift and gain  
From near and from afar.  
And dear work gladly done,  
And dear love without measure,  
And sunshine after rain,  
And in the night a star.

The years have come and gone,  
And one hath brought me sorrow ;  
Yet I shall sing to ease my pain  
For the hours I must stay.  
They are passing one by one,  
And I wait with hope the morrow ;  
But indeed I am not fain  
Of a long, long day.

It is well for a little child  
Whose heart is blithe and merry  
To find too short its golden day—  
Long morn and afternoon.

So many flowers grow wild,  
And many a fruit and berry :  
Long day, too short for work and play,—  
The night comes too soon.

It was well for that little child.  
But its day is gone for ever,  
And a wounded heart will ache  
In the sunlight gold and gay,  
O, the night is cool and mild  
To all things that smart with fever !  
The older heart had time to break  
In the little child's long day.

*Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*

## Recollections of Childhood      ~      ~      ~

### I

A LITTLE child, he gazed with fearless eyes  
On each new wonder of the wonderful earth.  
The little things he chiefly counted prize,  
The flowers and creeping beasts upon the ground  
He called his own, his hoards of mighty worth ;  
And each new treasure that his eye had found  
Must have a name which he would stop to hear,  
And, when they told it, he would catch the sound  
And fashion it to suit his childish ear.

## II

And, when he played, 'twas with the hollow shells,  
Which lay in myriads strewn by summer seas ;  
And, when he slept at noon, the yellow bells  
Of cowslip buds still nodded in his hand.  
He never woke, although the humming bees  
Were busy as young elves in fairyland  
Among the flowers. But once upon her knee  
His mother set him, and she spoke strange words  
Of many things he could not understand,  
And how the world was rounded by the sea.  
He sat and listened to the chirping birds ;  
And yet he felt a nameless mystery.

## III

The sad winds moaned through the long autumn  
    night,  
And creaked among the timbers of the house.  
The smouldering fire shot sudden sparks of light.  
“ The ghosts are all abroad,” the servants said,  
“ 'Tis they who send down coffins for the dead.”  
And at the word a little hungry mouse  
Pattered behind the wainscot. All his breath  
He held in terror, and a curious dread  
Pictured wild faces looking down at him,  
When the lamp flickered and the fire burnt dim ;  
And someone breathed to him the name of death.

## IV

And now the flowers and insects, which before  
 He loved alike, had grown mysterious ;  
 And when he saw a spider on the floor,  
 He shrank away as from a thing of fear.  
 There were dark corners, too, within the house,  
 Where little woodlice lay curled up asleep.  
 A month ago and he had held them dear,  
 And now he scarcely dared at them to peep.  
 And, when he stood again beside the sea,  
 The waves rose up as if to drag him in ;  
 And once a crab he seized unwittingly  
 Turned round and bit him with its ragged fin.  
 He saw the blood, and he was like to die.

## V

Then in the night he found himself alone,  
 Watching the rushlight flicker on the wall,  
 Until the curtains seemed to bend and shake  
 With formless things which in the darkness went,  
 And underneath the counterpane would crawl  
 To strangle him. He dared not shriek nor cry,  
 Though wild fears held him for his punishment ;  
 And, though his heart was stifled with his tears,  
 They could not ease his pain, and he must lie  
 Alone with horror, till the dawn should break.  
 And, when the light was come, they only mocked  
 his fears.

*Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.*

Tiny Children    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

TOO old at length for their mother's breast  
They are eager to search out fairy lands.  
Unsteady wee feet are never at rest,  
They clutch at all with their tiny hands.

With friendly dogs long hours they pass  
In discourse serious and wise.  
The smallest insect in the grass  
Cannot escape their watchful eyes.

Always they hear the green grass grow,  
Savour its fragrance in the rain,  
Each delicate frond of moss they know,  
And count the sea-sand, grain by grain.

Their flower-kissed lips, than nodding flowers  
Scarce taller, catch the flowers' bright hue,  
And oft you find the tearful showers  
You brush away are mixed with dew.

*Sully Prudhomme. Translated by M. N. d'A.*

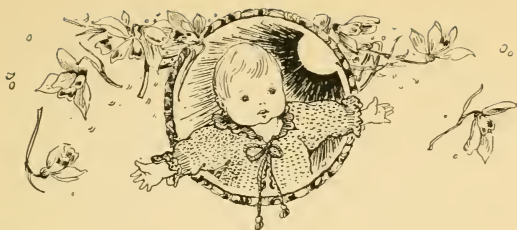




VI







## VI

Infant Joy      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

“ I HAVE no name ;  
I am but two days old.”

What shall I call thee ?

“ I happy am,  
Joy is my name,”  
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !  
Sweet Joy, but two days old.  
Sweet Joy I call thee ;  
Thou dost smile,  
I sing the while ;  
Sweet joy befall thee !

*William Blake.*

King Baby      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

VERY lovely is the confidence of childhood.  
We do well to speak of “ King Baby,” for the  
right by which a little child shall rule is a diviner,

sweeter right and sanctity than ever was accorded to kings. It is the unalienable right, the royal prerogative, of every child to come into this world assured that its coming will set joybells of the heart a-ringing.

*Coulson Kernahan.*

Song



LITTLE boy,  
Full of joy ;

Little girl,  
Sweet and small ;  
Cock does crow,  
So do you ;  
Merry voice,  
Infant noise ;

Merrily, merrily to welcome the year.

*William Blake.*

A Little Child . . .



A LITTLE child, a limber elf,  
Singing, dancing to itself,  
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,  
That always finds and never seeks,  
Makes such a vision to the sight  
As fills a father's eyes with light ;  
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast  
Upon his heart, that he at last  
Must needs express his love's excess  
With words of unmeant bitterness.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

At Golders Hill    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

I SAW a child at Golders Hill  
Rule the wide kingdom of sweet will  
And catch an innocent employ  
From the abundant heart of joy.  
He teased the mossy-antlered stag  
And taught a puppy's tail to wag,  
He made a playful ripple shake  
The water-lilies in the lake,  
Smelt at a rose, tiptoed to kiss  
The overarching clematis,  
Ran shouting up the hill to stare  
And watch the dying sunset flare,  
Then from his calling mother hid  
And would not answer when she chid.  
So glad, he seemed no human birth,  
But some wild spirit of the earth,  
Some rapture of delirious mood,  
Not yet betrayed to flesh and blood,  
But elemental, swift and free  
As sunlight dancing on the sea.  
O happy heart, could you but keep  
Safe from the heavy mortal sleep,  
Wherein we wander, having sold  
A heavenly hope for earthly gold,  
Then would your morning of delight  
Reach far into the realms of night,  
Rich with the rapture that encloses  
Your brother lilies, sister roses,

And take for its eternal treasure  
This sweet simplicity of pleasure.

*Robin Flower.*

The Child Companion ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

LUNCHEON over and my pipe smoked out,  
away we go, she and I, for an afternoon's  
holiday-making in the fields. Sometimes, with  
hand fast clasped in mine and face upturned to  
listen, she trudges along at my side, all eyes and  
ears, while I am weaving "a story" for her.  
Sometimes she elects to be perched in masterful  
ease on my shoulder; at others she slips the  
parental cable altogether, now lingering behind,  
now flitting on in front, now darting bird-like  
aside at sight of a butterfly or flower. But what-  
ever be the way she travel, she is with me, and I  
with her, and when that is so, and on such a day,  
the very intaking of our breath is a joy.

*Coulson Kernahan.*

To Charlotte Pulteney ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

TIMELY blossom, Infant fair,  
Fondling of a happy pair,  
Every morn and every night  
Their solicitous delight,  
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,  
Pleasing, without skill to please;

Little gossip, blithe and hale,  
Tattling many a broken tale,  
Singing many a tuneless song,  
Lavish of a heedless tongue ;  
Simple maiden, void of art,  
Babbling out the very heart,  
Yet abandon'd to thy will,  
Yet imagining no ill,  
Yet too innocent to blush ;  
Like the linnet on the bush  
To the mother-linnet's note  
Moduling her slender throat ;  
Chirping forth thy pretty joys,  
Wanton in the change of toys,  
Like the linnet green in May,  
Flitting to each bloomy spray ;  
Wearied then and glad of rest,  
Like the linnet in the nest—  
This thy present happy lot,  
This, in time, will be forgot :  
Other pleasures, other cares,  
Ever busy Time prepares ;  
And thou shalt in thy daughter see  
This picture, once, resembled thee.

*Ambrose Philips.*

The Child in the Home ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

FALTERING feet across the floor the family  
beguile

To cheers and rapturous applause ; the gentle,  
sunny smile

Makes every eye grow bright.

The saddest foreheads, even those stained in the  
world's keen strife,

Relax, and lose their wrinkles to see this tender life  
So innocent and light.

If June has made my threshold green, or cold  
November's gloom

Fantastic, makes, around the fire that flickers in  
my room,

The chairs to chase each other,

When Baby comes to greet us, sadness flies, and  
then for joy

Welaugh and loud exclaim, and call the toddling boy  
Away from his trembling mother.

Sometimes we talk together when gathered round  
the fire

Of God, and of our Fatherland, or of the soul's  
desire

By holy poets sung.

In comes the babe. At once 'tis heaven and  
fatherland—good-bye !

The saintly poets are forgot, a joyous welcoming cry  
Is heard from every tongue.

. . . . .

Lord Christ ! deliver me. Lord Christ ! deliver  
those

I love, friends, brothers, kinsfolk,—deliver even  
my foes

Who at my wrongs have smiled

From seeing, Lord ! the summer with not a flower  
alive,

The bird-deserted cage, the bee-abandoned hive,  
The house without a child !

*From the French of Victor Hugo. Translated by  
M. N. d'A.*





## VII







## VII

### A Little Girl



IF no one ever marries me—  
And I don't see why they should,  
For nurse says I'm not pretty,  
And I'm seldom very good—

If no one ever marries me,  
I shan't mind very much ;  
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,  
And a little rabbit-hutch ;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,  
And a pony all my own,  
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,  
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old—  
At twenty-eight or nine—  
I shall buy a little orphan girl  
And bring her up as mine.

*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*

Lonely Children ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

THE trees are dusty in the park,  
The grass is hard and brown ;  
I'm glad I've got a Noah's ark,  
But I'm sorry I'm in town.

A lot of little girls and boys  
Are not so rich as me ;  
But O ! I'd give them all my toys  
For shells beside the sea. . . .

II

The flowers are happy in the garden,  
For the bees are always there ;  
The clouds are happy up in Heaven  
With the angels in the air ;  
But little boy and little mouse  
Are rather lonely in the house.

*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*



VIII





## VIII

### The Origin of Fairies ~ ~ ~ ~

WHEN the first baby laughed for the first time, his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies.

*J. M. Barrie. (The Little White Bird.)*

### Fairies in Faces ~ ~ ~ ~

I LIKE to sit on Daddy's knee,  
And watch the fairy in his face,  
That always has a smile for me,  
And never wanders from her place.

And mother says the eyes of Joy  
Will make a thousand faces shine,  
When Love can spare each little boy  
A father half as sweet as mine.

*Norman Gale.*

To a Child (Rosamund) ~ ~ ~ ~

THE fairies have been busy while you slept ;  
They have been laughing where the sad rain  
wept,

They have brought beauty to the ignorant flowers,  
Set tasks of hope to weary wind-torn bowers,  
And heard the lessons learned in schoolrooms  
cold

By seedling snapdragon and marigold.  
At dawn, while still you slept, I grew aware  
How good the fairies are, so many and fair.

The fairy whose delightful gown is red  
Across the corner of our garden sped,  
And where her flying raiment fluttered past  
Its roseate reflection still is cast ;  
Red poppies by the rhododendron's side,  
Peonies, gorgeous in their summer pride,  
And red may-bushes by the old red wall  
Shower down their crimson petals over all.

Then she whose gown is gold, and gold her hair,  
Swept down the golden steep, straight sunbeam-  
stair,

She lit the tulip lamps, she lit the torch  
Of hollyhock beside the cottage porch.  
She dressed the honeysuckle in fringe of gold,  
She gave the king-cups fairy wealth to hold,  
She kissed St. John's wort till it opened wide,  
She set the yarrow by the river's side.



Then came the lady all whose robes are white :  
She made the pale buds blossom in delight,  
Set silver stars upon the jasmine's hair,  
And gave the stream white lily buds to wear.  
She painted lilies white, and pearl-white phlox,  
White poppies, passion-flowers, and grey-leaved  
stocks.

Her pure, kind touch redeemed the most forlorn,  
And even the vile petunia smiled, new-born.

The dearest fairy of all—green is her gown—  
She kissed the plane trees in the tiresome town,  
She smoothed the pastures and the lawn's pale  
sheen,  
She decked the boughs with hangings fresh and  
green,  
She showed each flower the one and only way  
Its beauty of shape and colour to display ;  
She taught the world to be a paradise  
Of changing leaf and blade for tired eyes.

Then, one and all, they came where you were laid  
In your strait bed, my little lovely maid ;  
The red-robed fairy kissed your lips, your face,  
The white-robed made your heart her dwelling-  
place,  
Into your eyes the green-robed fairy smiled ;  
The golden fairy touched your dreams, dear child,  
The one, not named, but mightiest, made my Dear  
The innermost rose of the re-flowerèd year.

*E. Nesbit*, May, 1898.

## The Interloper ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

IT is a very noticeable thing that, in fairy families, the youngest is always chief person, and usually becomes a prince or princess ; and children remember this and think it must be so among humans also, and that is why they are often made uneasy when they come upon their mother furtively putting new frills on the basinette.

*J. M. Barrie. (The Little White Bird.)*

## The Children's Fairyland ∞ ∞ ∞

THERE is no cloud on its sky of blue,  
No boisterous wave on its tranquil sea ;  
Its flowers for ever are fresh and new,  
Its leaves unfading on bower and tree ;  
And the fragrant breeze that wanders through,  
Bears on its breath soft melody.

Was ever a land so fair and sweet,  
With crystal caves and glistening sands ;  
And emerald swards, where the fairies meet  
For revels gay, in joyous bands ;  
With rippling laughter, twinkling feet,  
And silvery star-tipped magic wands ?





THE CHILDREN'S FAIRYLAND.

"Is there aught more true beneath the Sun,  
Than the fairy gifts, or the fairy gold?"

When the moonlight falls on hills and streams,  
And the children's eyes are sealed in sleep ;  
The fairies bask in the mellow beams,  
Or by each little one vigil keep.  
And the children see in their blissful dreams,  
A world where purest joys they reap.

On winter nights ere the lamps are lit,  
When softly falls the feathery snow,  
Through the silent gloom the fairies flit,  
To dance in the warmth of the Yule-log's glow.  
But we in the dark of our wisdom sit,  
And only the innocent children know.

Can there be aught else, when youth is done,  
More real than the creeds the children hold ?  
Is there aught more true beneath the sun  
Than the fairy gifts, or the fairy gold ?  
Do we cling to truth in the race we run,  
As we cling to the simple faiths of old ?

Ah ! childhood's faiths with childhood pass,  
Like fairy visions for ever fled ;  
We look at life through the world's glass,  
And the world's beliefs we own instead.  
We question, quibble, and doubt, alas !  
But the child-like trust and faith are dead.

*Janet A. McCulloch.*

## The Little Wee Lad      ~      ~      ~      ~

AS I travelled the road at the fall of the night,  
With the glimmering boglands to left and  
to right,  
I heard him sing loud through the whispering dark,  
The little wee lad with the voice of a lark.

He never is silent by night or by day,  
But still he is singing at work or at play,  
And as his glad notes o'er the heather go winging,  
They set all the sorrowful solitudes singing.

The wind in the grass and the lark in the sky  
And the pattering rain to his music reply,  
And the clouds and the streams and the mountains  
are glad  
To hear the sweet song of the little wee lad.

O folk of the city so proud and uplifted !  
You sing from your lips be you never so gifted,  
From his heart he sings out in the daylight and  
dark,  
The little wee lad with the voice of the lark.

*Robin Flower.*

## The Moon-Child ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

A LITTLE lonely child am I  
That have not any soul :  
God made me but a homeless wave  
Without a goal.

A seal my father was, a seal  
That once was man :  
My mother loved him tho' he was  
'Neath mortal ban.

He took a wave and drownèd her,  
She took a wave and lifted him :  
And I was born where shadows are  
I' the sea-depths dim.

All through the sunny blue-sweet hours  
I swim and glide in waters green :  
Never by day the mortal shores  
By me are seen.

But when the moon is on the wave,  
A shell unto the shore I bring ;  
And then upon the rocks I sit  
And plaintive sing.

O what is this wild song I sing,  
With meanings strange and dim ?  
No soul am I, a wave am I,  
And sing the Moon-Child's hymn.

*Fiona Macleod.*

## The Child



ONE played the child within the magic wood,  
Where fountains sang and sunshine ever  
glowed ;

Half-hid among red roses on his way,  
He came at last upon a dark abode.

He knew not sorrow, and when cries came forth  
Of bitter grief, he could not choose but stay,  
And turned from joyous paths his dancing feet,  
To see what wonder in that dim house lay—

Met at the door a woodman stern and cold,  
Who looked into the sunshine with blind eyes,  
And saw behind him, with a hidden face,  
One who made sad the wind with sudden cries.

“ And who are you,” the man looked up and  
spoke,  
“ Who comes thus singing to the home of grief ? ”  
“ I am a babe,” the little child replied,  
“ Who finds the world all fair beyond belief.”

And at his voice the woman stayed her cries,  
And at his laugh she raised her hidden face.  
“ Dark is the day and drear the world,” she  
said,  
“ And lives no beauty in this barren place.”



“ Drear is the earth,” the man spoke with a sigh ;  
“ Cold is the sun that long has ceased to shine  
Chill is our house set in a desert place,  
And Grief and Sorrow on our hearth repine.”

“ I see the roses blossom on the roof,”  
The child replied, and raised a wondering gaze ;  
“ I hear the birds’ glad singing in the woods,  
The sun shines ever through the long, sweet  
days.”

He laid in each sad grasp his fingers small.  
Lo, then, the woman said, “ The roses see !  
They cling upon the roof like amber rain :  
For them the birds do sing a melody.”

“ And see,” the man replied, “ how fair the sun  
Doth warm the earth into a thousand flowers ;  
See the long shadows of the poplars move :  
Short is the day that hath such golden hours.”

“ Will you not stay and teach us to be glad ? ”  
The woman cried, “ we then, indeed, were  
blessed.”

“ I am but little to go forth alone,”  
The babe replied, and nestled to her breast.

And so he stayed for many years to play  
Beside her hearth, and at each purple eve,  
When came the man soft singing from his work,  
All full of dreams he could but half believe,

The woman met him on their threshold, spoke  
In solemn wonder, with a "Hush!" and "Hark!"  
"To-day he drove out Sorrow from the door:  
With his small hands he shut her in the dark."

Or, "Go you soft: he slumbers like a bird  
That rests, half singing in his pleasant sleep:  
To-day from our hearth-side he thrust out Grief—  
This wonder-child did laugh to see her weep."

So stayed the child and played before the door,  
And if a rose in languor over-sweet  
Would fall upon his way, the woman kissed  
The dimpled arches of his little feet.

Or if a leaf in loving leaned too far  
From her high branch, and whirled upon his  
hair,  
The woman ran to break it in her hand,  
And raise the sunny curl it lit on there.

And oft she kissed his throat all full of song—  
Without excuse to hear his laughter go,  
Caught by some echo sung from tree to tree,  
Into the distance like a streamlet's flow.

So went the hours until one morn she rose  
To find him gone and sought him all the day,  
And when at purple eve the man came home,  
All loud with weeping she did stop his way.

“ He is not lost,” the man said with a smile,  
And proud of heart he held her by the hand ;  
“ He lingers but a little, for his feet  
Are on a strange road still in manhood’s land.”

She looked and saw a youth upon the path,  
With axe upon his shoulder, and his eye  
All strong and clear to meet the world and fight  
A victor’s fight, should one his claims deny.

Quick to her side he came with joyous step  
To kiss her cheek that was so pale and wan ;  
And yet she saw his gaze go past her face,  
Some stranger maiden so to rest upon.

But as he stood, the man soft murmuring  
Looked, saying slow, “ It is my son, my son,  
So straight of limb, so comely thus to see ;  
Now is the glory of my life begun.”

But when the night was still the woman went  
Where slept the youth in his small room alone ;  
And from a hiding-place a casket drew,  
With now a tear, and oft a stifled moan.

And from its perfumed hollow quick she brought  
Two little shoes, and held them to her heart,  
Stained them with tears, with many kisses  
cried,

“ O little feet that strayed from me apart !

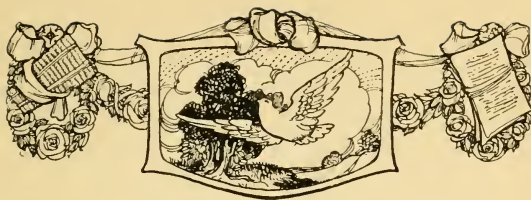
“ O little child that I shall see no more ! ”  
She laid the casket in its hiding-place—  
Then bent in prayer above her sleeping son,  
Who smiled in dreaming of another face.

*Dora Sigerson Shorter.*

IX







## IX

Inspiration



(Introduction to the Song of Innocence)

PIPING down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me—

“ Pipe a song about a lamb ! ”  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
“ Piper, pipe that song again ” ;  
So I piped : he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;  
Sing thy song of happy cheer ! ”  
So I sang the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book that all may read.”  
So he vanished from my sight ;  
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

*William Blake.*

David—my Judge      ∞      ∞      ∞      ∞

I TO whom David had been brought to judgment, now found myself judged by him, and this rearrangement of the pieces seemed so natural that I felt no surprise; I felt only a humble craving to hear him signify that I would do. I have stood up before other keen judges and deceived them all, but I made no effort to deceive David; I wanted to, but dared not. Those unblinking eyes were too new to the world to be hooded by any of its tricks. In them I saw my true self. They opened for me that pedlar's pack of which I have made so much ado, and I found it was weighted less with pretty little sad love-tokens than with ignoble thoughts and deeds and an unguided life. I looked dejectedly at David, not so much, I think, because I had such a sorry display for him, as because I feared he would not have me in his service.

*J. M. Barrie.*



BUT another word of the child in January. It is his month for the laying up of dreams. No one can tell whether it is so with all children, or even with a majority, but with some children of passionate fancy there occurs now and then a children's dance, or a party of any kind, which has a charm and glory mingled with uncertain dreams. Never forgotten, and yet never certainly remembered as a fact of this life, is such an evening. When many and many a later pleasure, about the reality of which there never was any kind of doubt, has been long forgotten, that evening—as to which all is doubt—is impossible to forget. In a few years it has become so remote that the history of Greece derives antiquity from it. In later years it is still doubtful, still a legend.

The child never asked how much was fact. It was always so immeasurably long ago that the sweet party happened—if indeed it happened. It had so long ago taken its place in that past wherein lurks all the antiquity of the world. No one would know, no one could tell him precisely what occurred. And who can know whether—if it be indeed a dream—he has dreamt it often, or has dreamt once that he had dreamt it often? That dubious night is entangled in repeated visions during the lonely life a child lives in sleep; it is intricate with allusions. It becomes the most

mysterious and the least worldly of all memories, a spiritual past. The word pleasure is too trivial for such a remembrance. A midwinter long gone by contained the suggestion of such dreams. And the midwinter of every year must doubtless prepare for the heart of many an ardent young child a like legend and a like antiquity.

*Alice Meynell.*

To Lalla—Reading my verses topsy-turvy ∞

DARLING little cousin,  
With your thoughtful look  
Reading topsy-turvy  
From a printed book.

English hieroglyphics,  
More mysterious  
To you than Egyptian  
Ones would be to us.

Leave off for a minute  
Studying and say  
What is the impression  
That those marks convey.

Only a solemn silence  
And a wondering smile :  
But your eyes are lifted  
Unto mine the while.

In their gaze so steady  
I can surely trace  
That a happy spirit  
Lighteth up your face ;

Tender, happy spirit,  
Innocent and pure,  
Teaching more than science,  
And than learning more.

How should I give answer  
To that asking look ?  
Darling little cousin,  
Go back to your book.

Read on : if you knew it  
You have cause to boast :  
You are much the wiser  
Though I know the most.

*Christina Rossetti.*

### The Bedouin Child



(Among the Bedouins a father in enumerating his children never counts his daughters, for a daughter is considered a disgrace.)

I LYÀS the prophet, lingering 'neath the moon,  
Heard from a tent a child's heart-withering  
wail,  
Mixt with the message of the nightingale,

And, entering, found, sunk in mysterious swoon,  
A little maiden dreaming there alone.

She babbled of her father sitting pale  
'Neath wings of Death—'mid sights of sorrow  
and bale,  
And pleaded for his life in piteous tone.

“ Poor child, plead on,” the succouring prophet  
saith,

While she, with eager lips, like one who tries  
To kiss a dream, stretches her arms and cries  
To Heaven for help—“ Plead on ; such pure  
love-breath,

Reaching the Throne, might stay the wings of  
Death

That, in the Desert, fan thy father's eyes.”

The drouth-slain camels lie on every hand ;

Seven sons await the morning vultures' claws ;

'Mid empty water-skins and camel-maws

The father sits, the last of all the band.

He mutters, drowsing o'er the moonlit sand,

“ Sleep fans my brow : Sleep makes us all  
pashas ;

Or, if the wings are Death's, why Azraeel  
draws

A childless father from an empty land.”

“Nay,” saith a Voice, “the wind of Azrael’s  
wings

A child’s sweet breath hath stilled; so God  
decrees”:—

A camel’s bell comes tinkling on the breeze,  
Filling the Bedouin’s brain with bubble of springs  
And scent of flowers and shadow of wavering  
trees

Where, from a tent, a little maiden sings.

*Theodore Watts-Dunton.*

The Child Face    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

WHAT a little thing to set a strong man’s  
heart a-thump! Just a wee sound—  
half sigh, half cry—from the cot where a child  
stirs in her sleep. It was not even a troubled cry.  
It was like the unconsidered, unconscious “chir-  
rup” of some small bird that wakes in the night  
to nestle more snugly under its mother’s wing,  
and drowzes off again even as it chirrups. It was  
as if, upon the stilled waters of night, a falling  
rose leaf had set a-stir a scarcely perceptible  
ripple. Yet light as is the rose leaf’s kiss upon  
the water’s lips—that kiss trembles, halo-wise,  
into a circle, the emblem of eternity. And that  
child’s feeble cry seems to me to be a voice calling  
from the eternities that are gone and from the  
eternities that are to come.

*Coulson Kernahan.*

To C. E. G. on her Birthday    ∞    ∞    ∞

THY little destiny  
Hits the bright stars on high,  
Strikes roots into the deep.  
Waking, thou dost not know  
What armies with thee go,  
Who slumbers in thy sleep.

*Mary E. Coleridge.*

A Child's Kiss    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

WHAT can I do but hasten, my darling,  
when you call  
And say " I love you so ! " with baby lips against  
my face,  
When little arms like fluttering wings, soft as the  
new snow-fall,  
Open to my embrace !

I have two milk-white lambs that oft against me  
press,  
A dove that on my mouth will lay his head so sleek ;  
But when upon my lips I feel a little child's caress  
I think a fragrant lily is bending o'er my cheek,  
That all my face is bathed in radiant innocence,  
A veil of gracious purity over my being lies.  
O joy too deep for words, enthralling every sense !  
Why are my kisses not like thine, child with the  
deep blue eyes ?

*From the French of Eugénie de Guérin. Translated by M. N. d'A.*

WE are all architects and artists, under God ; we are all summoned to the highest calling under heaven, the moulding of man. It has been well and truly said that at the birth of a child or a star there is pain ; and no great work of art was ever achieved without an accepted sacrifice of foresight, travail, and desire.

This actual consideration is the awfulest yet tenderest responsibility of our lives, their true fulfilment and their only end and aim—the calling of the life that dwells with God to come and dwell with us. . . .

Our children—if only we will play our part—our children will not worship us, their ancestors (for they will surely have more wholesome humour in them), nor yet themselves (for they will surely have attained some wider vision), but they will worship their own children. In all the daily business of their lives ; in all their coming and going ; in their buying and selling even ; but, above all, in their marrying and giving in marriage, they will do constant and no longer unconscious homage to the God of those days. They will raise His image aloft in mart and cathedral ; they will blazon it on their banners and stamp it on their currency—the image of hope and the eternal symbol of human immortality—the image of a little child, omnipotent, undying, godlike. For

the child of To-day is the citizen of To-morrow, the custodian of the Keys of Heaven, whose puissant hands must sway the destinies of the race, none saying them nay, and consummate or scatter into naught the sum of all the glories we have ever dreamed.

Whatever else may be illusion, this at least is sure. This little spark of life, which the Great Desire, articulate in our Prophecy, has called from God's own hand to incarnation in our likeness; this lovely symbol of our racial immortality—it stands before us sacrosanctus in the innocence of childhood, omnipotent in the promise of maturity, the breathing witness to our sacrament of faith. . . .

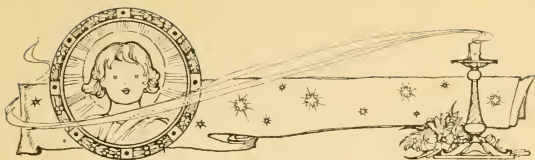
*Arthur Gray. (Man and Maid.)*





X





## X

### The Child at Prayer    ~    ~    ~    ~

A BABY to a Baby prays,  
Oh, Infant Jesus, meek and mild,  
From 'mid the glory and the rays,  
Look on a little child.

As one child to another may  
He talks without a thought of fear ;  
Commending to a Child to-day  
All that a child holds dear :—

His father, mother, brother, nurse,  
His cat, his dog, his bird, his toys :  
Things that make up the universe  
Of darling girls and boys.

All sheep and horses, lambs and cows,  
He counts them o'er, a motley crew ;  
And children in the neighbour's house  
And all the people too.

His friends—why, all the world's his friend ;  
This four years' darling, golden curled,  
'Tis long before it has an end,  
The bede-roll of his world.

A child lifts up his little hands  
Unto a Child ; and it may be  
The Host of Heaven at gazing stands  
That tender sight to see.

*Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*

The Shepherd's Welcome      ~      ~      ~

“ In the Holy Nativity of Our Lord God.”

*Tityrus :*

GLOOMY night embraced the place  
Where the noble Infant lay ;  
The Babe looked up and showed His face :  
In spite of darkness it was day.  
It was Thy day, Sweet ! and did rise  
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

*Thyrsis :*

Winter chid aloud, and sent  
The angry North to wage his wars ;  
The North forgot his fierce intent,  
And left perfumes instead of scars.  
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers  
Where he meant frost, he scattered flowers.

*Both :*

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,  
Young dawn of our eternal Day !

We saw Thine eyes break from this East,  
And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw Thee ; and we blest the sight,  
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

*Full Chorus :*

Welcome, all wonders in one sight !  
Eternity shut in a span !

Summer in Winter, Day in Night !  
Heaven in Earth, and God in Man !

Great, little One ! whose all-embracing birth  
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.

Welcome, though not to gold or silk,  
To more than Cæsar's birthright is ;  
Two sister seas of virgin milk,  
With many a rarely-tempered kiss,  
That breathes at once both maid and mother,  
Warms in the one, cools in the other.  
She sings Thy tears asleep and dips  
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye ;  
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,  
That in their buds yet blushing lie :  
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries  
The points of her young eagle's eyes.  
Welcome, though, not to those gay flies  
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings ;

Slippery souls in smiling eyes :

But to poor shepherds' homespun things,  
Whose wealth's their flock ; whose wit, to be  
Well read in their simplicity.

*Richard Crashaw.*

Epiphany ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

WESTWARD the Eastern sages go,  
Nor cease they till the goal is won.  
Shall then the mystic Orient owe  
Its wisdom to the setting sun ?

Is it not wise to sit apart  
Where no rude sound the silence mars,  
To count the beatings of the heart,  
To watch the wheeling of the stars ?

Shall, then, the riotous West prevail  
With her crude, waste, and heady joys ?  
Shall Meditation's moonlight pale  
Be bartered for her idle toys ?

Ay : the pale moon would veil her crest,  
But for the fount of all her light ;  
The star that beckons from the West  
Is no sad harbinger of night :

It tells of day : of One Whose birth  
Shall the wide gates of heaven unfold :  
Peace be to thee, long-suffering earth,  
No more shall God His boon withhold.

Low in a manger see Him rest ;  
Kneel, wisdom, to a little child :  
Where meet the bounds of East and West  
In one fair presence reconciled.

*E. D. Stone.*

Roses of Paradise



OUTSIDE the gates of Eden's land,  
A faded rose unto her hand,  
While thorns sprung out of the desert sand,  
Eve stood a-weeping there ;  
Stood a-weeping,  
Stood a-weeping  
For the flow'rs of that garden fair !

Since that sweet day when Christ was born,  
Has bloomed the bare, the desert thorn ;  
And the Rose of Sharon oped that morn  
When lay the Babe most dear ;  
Softly sleeping,  
Softly sleeping,  
With the Virgin, blessèd and fair.

*Alice E. Gillington.*

The Burning Babe



AS I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in  
the snow,  
Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made  
my heart to glow ;

And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was  
near,  
A pretty babe, all burning bright, did in the air  
appear ;  
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods  
of tears did shed,  
As though his floods should quench his flames  
which with his tears were fed :—  
“ Alas ! ” quoth He, “ but newly born in fiery  
heats I fry,  
Yet none approach to warm their hearts, or feel  
my fire but I !  
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel,  
wounding thorns ;  
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes,  
shame and scorns ;  
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the  
coals,  
The metal in this furnace wrought are men’s  
defiled souls,  
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to  
their good,  
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My  
blood ! ”—  
With this He vanished out of sight, and swiftly  
shrunk away ;  
And straight I callèd unto mind that it was  
Christmas Day.

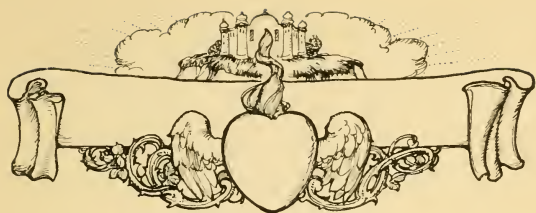
*Robert Southwell.*





XI





## XI

To Iris    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

I F I might build a palace, fair  
With every joy of soul and sense,  
And set my heart as sentry there  
To guard your happy innocence ;  
If I might plant a hedge so strong  
No creeping sorrow could writhe through  
And find my whole life not too long  
To give, to make your hedge for you—

If I could teach the wandering air  
To bring no sounds that were not sweet,  
Could teach the earth that only fair  
Untrodden flowers deserved your feet :  
Would I not tear the secret scroll  
Where all your griefs lie closely curled,  
And give your little hand control  
Of all the joys of all the world ?

But, ah ! I have no skill to raise  
The palace, teach the hedge to grow ;  
The common airs blow through your days  
By common ways your dear feet go.  
And you must twine of common flowers  
The wreath that happy women wear,  
And bear in desolate darkest hours  
The common griefs that all men bear.

The pinions of my life I fold  
Your little shoulders close about :  
Ah—could my love keep out the cold  
And shut the creeping sorrows out !  
Rough paths will tire your darling feet,  
Gray skies will weep your tears above,  
While round you still, in torment, beat  
The impotent wings of mother-love.

*E. Nesbit.*

Song to a Babe



LITTLE babe, while burns the West,  
Warm thee, warm thee, in my breast,  
While the moon doth shine her best,  
And the dews distil not.

All the land so sad, so fair—  
Sweet its toils are, blest its care ;  
Child, we may not enter there !  
Some there are that will not.

Fair world, I thy margins know,  
Land of work and land of snow ;  
Land of life whose rivers flow  
On and on, and stay not.

Fain would I thy small limbs fold  
While the weary hours are told,  
Little babe in cradle cold,  
Some there are that may not.

*Jean Ingelow.*

To Olivia



WHITE, colour of the pearl,  
Of April petals and of morning mist,  
White of the foam and surf,  
White of the snow—  
Be thine the hue about this baby-girl,  
So tender now.

Green, colour of the leaf,  
Of woodland pathway, sun and shadow-kissed,  
Green of the daisied turf,  
Green of the lake—  
Be there in shining dreams when doubt and grief  
Her spirit shake.

Red, colour of the heart,  
Of damask roses when the world's at June,  
Red of the ripened vine,  
Red of the blood—  
Be thou aglow when first she plays her part  
Of womanhood.

Blue, colour of the deep,  
Of distant hills beneath the setting moon,  
Blue of the dawn divine,  
Blue of her eyes—  
Be there to bless when old she falls asleep  
Smiling and wise.

*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*

To Christina at Nightfall      ~      ~      ~

LITTLE thing, ah ! little mouse,  
Creeping through the twilit house,  
To watch within the shadow of my chair  
With large blue eyes ; the firelight on your hair  
Doth glimmer gold and faint,  
And on your woollen gown  
That folds a-down  
From steadfast little face to square-set feet.

Ah, sweet ! ah, little one ! so like a carven saint,  
With your unflinching eyes, unflinching face.  
Like a small angel, carved in a high place,  
Watching unmoved across a gabled town ;  
When I am weak and old,  
And lose my grip, and crave my small reward  
Of tolerance and tenderness and ruth,  
The children of your dawning day shall hold  
The reins we drop and wield the judge's sword,  
And your swift feet shall tread upon my heels,  
And I be Ancient Error, you New Truth,  
And I be crushed by your advancing wheels. . . .

Good night ! the fire is burning low,  
Put out the lamp ;  
Lay down the weary little head  
Upon the small white bed.  
Up from the sea the night winds blow  
Across the hill, across the marsh ;  
Chill and harsh, harsh and damp,  
The night winds blow.  
But, while the slow hours go,  
I, who must fall before you, late shall wait and keep  
Watch and ward,  
Vigil and guard,  
Where you sleep.

*Ford Madox Hueffer.*

Baby's Birthday.



G. T. A.

BEFORE your life that is to come,  
Love stands with eager eyes, that vainly  
Seek to discern what gift may fit  
The slow unfolding years of it ;  
And still Time's lips are sealed and dumb,  
And still Love sees no future plainly.

We cannot guess what flowers will spring  
Best in your garden, bloom most brightly ;  
But some few flowers in any plot  
Will spring and grow and wither not ;  
And such wish-flowers we gladly bring,  
And in that small hand lay them lightly.

Baby, we wish that those dear eyes  
May see fulfilment of our dreaming,  
Those little feet may turn from wrong,  
Those hands to hold the right be strong,  
That heart be pure, that mind be wise  
To know the true from the true-seeming.

We wish that all your life may be  
A life of selfless brave endeavour—  
That for reward the fates allow  
Such love as lines your soft nest now  
To warm the years for you when we  
Who wish you this are cold for ever.

*E. Nesbit.*

To a Child      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

I KISS you, dear, and very sweet is this,  
To feel you are not tainted by my kiss ;  
Cling with your warm soft arms about me so,  
Give me one small sweet kiss and murmur low,  
In speech as sweet as broken music is.

How long shall God my Lily darling give  
Untainted by the shrieking world to live ?—  
I cannot tell ; but this my wish shall be,  
Longer at least than God has given me.  
Ah, sweet, be glad ; as yet, you need not grieve.



There, see, I put the hair back from your face,  
And if my lips in kissing should displace  
Your sunny hair, you will but laugh, my child—  
A babbling silver laugh and undefiled ;  
God keep it so through the all-ruling days.

But I, who in the darkness sit alone,  
With heart that, once rebellious, now has grown  
Too weak to strive with foes that smite unseen,  
Will only ask you once your head to lean  
Upon this heart which grief has made his throne.

I will not tell you of the things I know ;  
I cannot bar the path that you must go ;  
God's bitter lesson must be learnt by all ;  
But, living, I will listen to your call,  
And stretch to you a hand that you may know.

You feel the wind against you as you run,  
And love its strength and revel in the sun.  
So once did I, and but for this last blow,  
Of which none other knows, so might I now ;  
But now for me the light of life is done.

These little hands that lose themselves in mine,  
May some day haply in a man's hair twine,  
While 'neath their touch his heart shall pal-  
pitate ;  
Then will your soul with triumph be elate,  
And mix sharp poison in a maddening wine ?

But see you keep your lips from tasting sweet ;  
For it begets within us such a heat

As cooling waters never can allay.

We see, through mists of blood and tears, the day,  
Until we sicken for the nightfall's feet.

There, there, you're weary, and I let you go ;  
But this kiss, softer than a flake of snow,

I will remember when alone I stand.

I wonder will you ever understand  
The reason why I loved and kissed you so.

*Philip Bourke Marston.*

### A Mother's Song



DEEP in the warm vale the village is sleeping,  
Sleeping the firs on the bleak rock above ;  
Nought wakes save grateful hearts, silently  
creeping

Up to the Lord in the height of their love.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I bring Thee,  
Odour and light and the magic of gold ;

Feet which must follow Thee, lips which must  
sing Thee,

Limbs which must ache for Thee ere they grow old.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I tender,  
Life of mine own life, the fruit of my love ;

Take him, yet leave him me, till I shall render  
Count of the precious charge, kneeling above.

*Charles Kingsley.*

The Picture of Little T. C. In a Prospect of  
Flowers      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

SEE with what simplicity  
This nymph begins her golden days !  
In the green grass she loves to lie  
And there with her fair aspect tames  
The wilder flowers and gives them names ;  
But only with the roses plays,  
And them does tell  
What colours best become them and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause  
This darling of the gods was born ?  
Yet this is she whose charter laws  
The wanton Love shall one day fear,  
And under her command severe,  
See his brow broke and ensigns torn.  
Happy who can  
Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound  
And parley with those conquering eyes,  
Ere they have tried their force to wound ;  
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive  
In triumph over hearts that strive.  
And them that yield but more despise ;  
Let me be laid  
Where I may see the glories from some shade.

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing  
Itself does at thy beauty charm,  
Reform the errors of the Spring ;  
Make that the tulips may have share  
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair,  
And roses of their thorns disarm ;  
    But most procure  
That violets may a longer age endure.

But, O young beauty of the woods,  
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,  
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds ;  
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime  
To kill her infants in their prime,  
Should quickly make th' example yours ;  
    And ere we see  
Nip in the blossom all our hopes and thee.

*Andrew Marvell.*

The Horoscope    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞    ∞

O CHILD ! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city ! on thy head  
The glory of the moon is shed,  
Like a celestial benison !  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.  
I see its valves expand,

As at the touch of Fate !  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,  
Freighted with hope and fear ;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope !  
Like the new moon thy life appears  
A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years ;  
And yet upon its outer rim,  
A luminous circle faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere,  
A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble adumbration,  
Of the great world of light, that lies  
Behind all human destinies.  
Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,

Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil—  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labour, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power—  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labour there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the labourer's side ;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, or dangerous moor.  
Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility ;  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue,

The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

To William Shelley      ~      ~      ~      ~

I

THE billows on the beach are leaping around it,  
The bark is weak and frail,  
The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it  
Darkly strew the gale.  
Come with me, thou delightful child,  
Come with me, though the wave is wild,  
And the winds are loose, we must not stay,  
Or the slaves of the law may rend thee away.

II

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,  
They have made them unfit for thee ;  
They have withered the smile and dried the tear  
Which should have been sacred to me.  
To a blighting faith and a cause of crime  
They have bound them slaves in youthly prime,  
And they will curse my home and thee  
Because we are fearless and free.

III

Come thou, belovèd as thou art ;  
Another sleepeth still  
Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,  
Which thou with joy shalt fill,

With fairest smiles of wonder thrown  
On that which is indeed our own,  
And which in distant lands will be  
The dearest playmate unto thee.

IV

Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,  
Or the priests of the evil faith ;  
They stand on the brink of that raging river,  
Whose waves they have tainted with death.  
It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,  
Around them it foams and rages and swells ;  
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,  
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

V

Rest, rest, and shriek not, thou gentle child !  
The rocking of the boat thou fearest,  
And the cold spray and the clamour wild ?—  
There sit between us two, thou dearest—  
Me and thy mother—well we know  
The storm at which thou tremblest so,  
With all its dark and hungry graves,  
Less cruel than the savage slaves  
Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

VI

This hour will in thy memory  
Be a dream of days forgotten long,  
We soon shall dwell by the azure sea



Of serene and golden Italy,  
Of Greece, the Mother of the free ;  
And I will teach thine infant tongue  
To call upon those heroes old  
In their own language and will mould  
Thy growing spirit in the flame  
Of Grecian lore, that by such name  
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim !

*P. B. Shelley.*

Coming and Going      ~      ~      ~      ~

WHEN first your baby soul unfurled  
You wept, while all around did smile.

May others weep when from this world

You go, a fearless, glad exile !

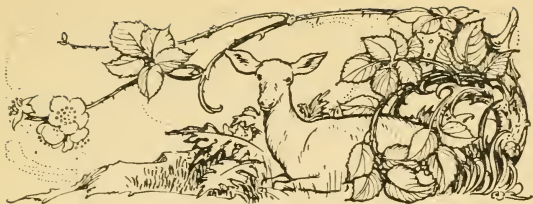
*From the French of Eugène Manuel. Trans-  
lated by, M. N. d'A.*



## XII







## XII

A Child Three Years Old



LOVING she is, and tractable though wild ;  
And Innocence hath privilege in her  
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes  
And feats of cunning ; and the pretty round  
Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
Much chastisement and partnership in play.  
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth  
Not less if unattended and alone  
Than when both young and old sit gathered round  
And take delight in its activity,  
Even so this happy Creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her  
Is blithe society, who fills the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs.  
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's  
Forth startled from the fern, where she lay  
couched ;  
Unthought of, unexpected as the stir  
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow flowers,

Or from before it chasing wantonly  
The many-coloured images imprest  
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

*William Wordsworth.*

X The Desire      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

GIVE me no mansions ivory white,  
Nor palaces of pearl and gold ;  
Give me a child for all delight,  
Just four years old.

Give me no wings of rosy shine,  
Nor snowy raiment, fold on fold,  
Give me a little boy all mine,  
Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown,  
Nor harps, nor palm branches unrolled ;  
Give me a nestling head of brown,  
Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like the peach,  
Two arms to clasp me from the cold ;  
And all my heaven's within my reach,  
Just four years old.

Dear God, You give me from Your skies  
A little Paradise to hold,  
As Mary once her Paradise,  
Just four years old.

*Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*



THE DESIRE.

“Give me a little boy all mine,  
Just five years old.”





On the Birthday of a Young Lady    ∞    ∞

OLD creeping Time, with silent tread,  
Has stol'n four years o'er Molly's head :  
The rosebud opens on her cheek,  
The meaning eyes begin to speak ;  
And in each smiling look is seen  
The innocence which plays within.  
Nor is the faltering tongue confined  
To lisp the dawning of the mind,  
But firm and full her words convey  
The little all they have to say ;  
And each fond parent, as they fall,  
Finds volumes in that little all.  
May every charm which now appears  
Increase and brighten with her years !  
And may that same old creeping Time  
Go on till she has reached her prime,  
Then, like a master of his trade,  
Stand still, nor hurt the work he made.

*William Whitehead.*

Golden-Tressèd Adelaide    ∞    ∞    ∞

SING, I pray, a little song,  
Mother dear !  
Neither sad nor very long :  
It is for a little maid,  
Golden-tressèd Adelaide !  
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,  
Mother dear !

Let it be a merry strain,  
Mother dear !  
Shunning e'en the thought of pain :  
For our gentle child will weep,  
If the theme be dark and deep ;  
And *we* will not draw a single tear,  
Mother dear !

Childhood shall be all divine,  
Mother dear !  
And like endless summer shine ;  
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,  
Bright as Agnes's azure eyes ;  
Therefore let thy song be merry : dost thou  
hear,  
Mother dear ?

*Barry Cornwall.*

Childhood's Country    ~    ~    ~    ~

O PLEASANT land of childhood,  
I turn to say good-bye  
To all your spring-time pathways  
That now behind me lie :

To happy skies above you,  
And roses by the way,  
And well-remembered places  
Wherein I used to play.

When on my knees I tended  
Doll-children still and fair,  
And washed their patient faces,  
And brushed their golden hair,

I thought they knew and loved me  
Those children on my knee ;  
When sore affliction found them,  
What grief it was to me !

. . . . .

My dogs, my cats, my pony—  
Ah, Childhood's land was gay  
With all those boon companions  
I've left upon the way !

But that so pleasant country,  
With all its joy and pain,  
Lost in the mist behind me,  
How shall I find again ?

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*



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